

THE
PRESENT STATE
OF THE
MANNERS, ARTS, and POLITICS,
OF
FRANCE AND ITALY,
IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES,

FROM
PARIS, ROME, AND NAPLES,

In 1792 and 1793;

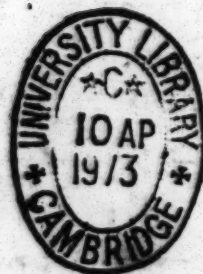
ADDRESSED TO
ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQ.
BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN COURTENAY, M. P.

Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.
Nunc agilis fio, et meritor civilibus undis.
Virtutis verae cultor, rigidusque satelles.
Nunc in Aristippi furtim praecepta relabor;
Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.

DUBLIN

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1794



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TO
ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQUIRE,

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Paris, August 25, 1792.

THE verse from my pen so spontaneously flows,
When to *Jephson* I write, that I can't write in prose;
For gravity's censure I care not a pin,
If you smile at my humour the laurel I'll win.
We once were associates in Brilliancy's reign,
And Townshend and Wit oft applauded our strain,
While we laugh'd at alarmists, expos'd their grimace,
And they laugh'd in their turn—with a pension or place.
Now let system and wild innovation enhance,
The scenes that I paint in Italia and France.

B

I am



I am just now arriv'd, and pursue my intention
 To hear the debates in the Gallic Convention,
 Ere Brunswic arrive with his mob-killing gang,
 The knaves in rebellion to shoot or to hang.
 His fine manifesto Calonne surely writ,
 (As the Emigrès say) full of logic and wit;
 I read it at Spa, and I reach'd Paris soon,
 For it brac'd up my nerves like the steel of Pouhon;
 As he moves on triumphant, the patriots he'll swing
 Who presumptuously combat for Freedom and King.
 As Austria and Prussia most nobly combine
 To give them new laws, in a code that's divine;
 For this gracious purpose, their troops are appointed,
 To fight in the cause of the Lord's own anointed.
 O see this proud people, how happy when slaves!
 Holding princes as tyrants, and emperors knaves;
 But mild Kate of Russia provok'd by such jeers,
 Will strangle these traitors, and cut off their ears;
 Then a *Te Deum* chant for the peace of their souls,
 And nail up their ears thro' all Europe on poles:

Will

Will turbulent Jacobins stand this rebuff?
 Let them view these cropt ears, they'll be quiet enough
 So Moses, the chief of the Emigrant band,
 Whom he led forty years tow' rds their ancestor's * land,
 When democrat knaves their allegiance would shake,
 Which he calls being bit by a serpent or snake,
 Seiz'd a score of these orators, cas'd them in brass,
 Fix'd them starving on stakes, while the multitude pass;
 And wrote this inscription, with ludicrous wit,
 " See the venomous snakes who my Israelites bit;
 Here, turn up your eyes to this medical pole,
 View these serpents in brass, and your wounds will be
 whole."

But while Brunswick is marching these feats to perform
 The people take arms, and the Thuilleries storm;
 And taylor, and cobler, and *poissard* assemble,
 To bind princes in chains, and make monarchy tremble;
 The Switzers are slain, tho' they cry *Vive le Roi!*
 And are answer'd with shouts, *Vive le Peup' ! Vive la Lot!*

* Bryant.

† Numb. xxi. v. 9.

Hark the *tocfin*'s mad peal ! Hark ! the cannon resound !
 And the image of kings is laid flat on the the ground ;
 A mob sacrilegious, at fixes and seven,
 Insultingly pound the vicegerents of heaven.
 Here *Louis le Grand* to the dust bows his head,
 And his statue is melted because it's of lead.
 A bullet perhaps from his belly or *tête*,
 Brave Frederick may wound in his stomach or pate ;
 And the peasants of Gallia, though joyful, may weep,
 If he fall ere he pay off his score for her sheep.
 In this fleeting scene stranger things come to pass,
 As our life's a mere shadow, and all flesh is grass.
 But I griev'd from my heart, and stood fighting aloof,
 When Henry was flung from their boasted *Pont Neuf* :
 I hail'd his bless'd shade, bade the hero remain ;
 Ah ! why should mad zeal thus his mem'ry profane ?
 Tho' a Monarch, he labour'd Man's rights to secure,
 And his heart in a cottage rejoic'd with the poor.
 " Let your laurel'd Voltaire for his hero find grace ; —
 Is a tyger and monkey the source of your race ? "

But

But the people, enrag'd, no remonstrances heed,
 He's a Bourbon, they cry'd, tho' the best of his breed;
 We'll cast him in cannon, our rights to maintain,
 He'll defend us again from the Germans and Spain.
 In vain with new passion indignant I burn,
 And the greasy rogues love for this humorous turn.
Vive la Nation! they shout;—still the riot prevails,
 And from Paris proceeds till it reaches Versailles;
 In the work of destruction with joy they engage,
 And Louis' *chef-d'œuvres* again feel their rage;
 His pride and his splendour these democrats mock,
 And smash all the wonderful works of his clock,
 Where two pretty Cupids, with fine gilded clubs,
 Make a timbrel resound with their dub-a-dub-dubs,
 Two cocks clap and crow, as the heralds of fate,
 And the statue of Louis advances in state;
 To shew how the monarch grew great by his quarrels,
 The goddess of Victory crowns him with laurels;
 An emblem how just of his boasting and wars,
 When he crow'd on his dunghill, and built to the stars:

This

This piece to burlesque, yet the hint to pursue,
 The Dutch made their clocks to strike, *Cuckoo, Cuckoo!*
 As a sneer on the King, who, to solace his life,
 And his soul to preserve, made his mistress * his wife.
 But Holland so paid for this comical stroke,
 That Mynheer ne'er since has attempted to joke;
 For, to make all the world his fine feelings 'admire,
 He sent out two heroes with sword and with fire;
 With orders to pillage and burn ev'ry town,
 To ravish the young and the old women down:
 Then Condé and Luxemburgh flew in a trice,
 How rapid their march, as they skaited on ice;
 The Dutch from their dikes no salvation could draw,
 But, 'midst their despair, they were sav'd by a thaw.
 Yet from this gasconading a moral we gather,
 That the projects of wisdom depend on the weather;
 How armies and fleets of success must despair,
 If it freezes or thaws, or the wind is'nt fair!

* Madame Maintenon, who in a *Vaudeville* is made to say—"Il eut
 peur de l'enfer, le lache, et je fus reine."

And

And now e'en at Blenheim but turn up your eyes,
 You'll 'spy what we did to oblige such allies !
 See Vanbrugh jocosely Louis' pageantry mock,
 He knew Gallus was Latin for Frenchman and cock ;
 And therefore, said he, the shrill chanticlers sing,
 To shew how vain Monsieur applauded their King !
 Then at Blenheim ' the bold British lion he rears,
 With a cock in his paw, to pourtray Louis' fears,
 Built so like the Bastile, that it adds to the joke,
 So he cut their cox-combs by this fly equivoque :
 The Whigs all rejoiced at this typical fun,
 But the Tories cried fie—on the Freemason's pun ;
 Meek Sarah was charm'd—bade her Sovereign be gay,
 And to pleasure the Knight, she bespoke his new play,
 But the great Duke of Marlbro' growl'd and look'd
 grim,
 Till she swore that John Bull was to pay for the whim.

Now, 'midst the Convention with awe I advance,
 Where Anarchy calls on the Genius of France ;

Ten Members start up, tho' the President rings,
 And rail all at once against Tyrants and Kings;
 Their sceptres we'll break, and to us they shall bow,
 We'll kill *all* these despots, the question is---how!
 Says citizen Coutteau, let's hazard our lives,
 And form a whole Reg'ment with poniards and knives*;
 To stab all these mortals---speak, who is afraid?
 The blood of such tyrants shall reek from my blade;
 The question, the question;---collect all the votes,
 I'm the first Volunteer in this corps of cut-throats;
 Says Merlin, I'm next, and we'll soon lay them low;
 I'm the third, roars the Capuchin, pious Chabot!
 This project, says Clouts, each true patriot bewitches,
 My heart is all French, and my soul's without breeches*:
 Then they held up their hands with republican pride,
 And declar'd ev'ry member a true regicide;
 Now the President calls, and around him they cluster,
 And the Clerk makes a roll, the banditti to muster;

* Mon cœur est tout Français et mon âme un sans culotte.—The
 expression of Anacharsis Clouts in the National Assembly.

But,

But, alas ! in the midst of this clamour and praise,
 And just as the corps they were hast'ning to raise,
 Up started Le Rocque*, and exclaim'd fie !—for shame,
 Ye sons of true glory, how much you're to blame ;
 May bastiles, and may fetters again be our doom,
 If we act like assassins at Naples and Rome ;
 Let us tread kings to dust, nor of life leave a spark,
 In the field let us smite them, not stab in the dark ;
 From their thrones thus the Romans proud potentates
 hurl'd,

And by gen'rous valour soon conquer'd the world,
 E'en Pyrrhus they shielded from treach'ry's art,
 For Virtue inspires a republican heart ;
 And nobly they said, we disdain to suborn
 A traitor to slay you, tho' tyrants we scorn :
 To tarnish our honour we're only afraid,
 We'll not see your doctor to practise his trade ;

* The author was present at this debate ; and at the Jacobin Club, when one of the members pledged himself to *bring in* M. La Fayette *alive or dead* ; and received the unanimous applause of the Assembly.

This

This greatness of soul even Pyrrhus admir'd,
 And, despairing of conquest, with shame he retir'd.
Vive la Rocque! echoes round, now he's hug'd and he's
 kiss'd,

While Merlin and Chabot are kick'd and are hiss'd.
 But Le Gendre the butcher, a bravo by trade,
 Now call'd on his friends for their voices and aid;
 No wonder, says Manuel, he's at it again,
 As he kills no more calves, now he thirsts to kill men;
 Le Gendre provok'd when so tauntingly hit,
 Mov'd to vote the Sieur Manuel a droll comic wit;
 You'd better, retorted the wit, pass a vote
 That I am only a *bête*, you may then cut my throat.
Vive le Manuel! they cry—for this *bon mot* so fine*,
 And they rise with a laugh—to drink, joke, and to dine.

Yet amidst all these riots, they dance, and they bawl
 Atheistical hymns at the Palais Royal!

* This retort courteous actually passed in the National Assembly.

And

And to tunes democratical impiously sing,
 That man may exist without priests or a king !
 This specimen read and you'll surely agree,
 That Brunswic should hang them on Liberty's tree.
 Let enthusiasts like these be abhorr'd in our fight,
 While they roar out this ballad, and march out to fight:

IN triumph shall Liberty reign,
 And the goddess expand all her charms :
 If we hail her republican strain,
 That calls us—to arms—and to arms !

Behold ! where the Austrians advance ;
 Behold ! the tyrannical band ;
 How they swarm o'er the borders of France,
 And menace with ruin the land !

Then away !---to the frontiers away,
 And the legions of despots defy ;
 The voice of fair Freedom obey,
 Determin'd to conquer or die.

Crown'd with glory, victorious we'll rest,
 And in chorus exultingly sing,
 That man, social man, may be blest,
 Without nobles, or bishop, or king !

But

But what vexes me most is to see ev'ry scrub
 Assemble to prate at the Jacobin Club;
 'Tis here in full vigour licentiousness reigns,
 Ferments in the blood, and still maddens their brains;
 'Twas told that FAYETTE, grown as proud as a lord,
 Hither marches in peace to give peace by his sword.—
 Up starts a bold ruffian, and pledges his head,
 To drag in the general, living or dead;
 First he bends to the chair, with a *sans-culotte* bow,
 And the President binds a sweet wreath round his brow;
 While he pulls out a whetstone, and sharpens his knife,
 So the bold La Fayette has small chance for his life!
 Now he thirsts for the Marquis's blood and his spoils,
 Then his nosegay displays, the reward of his toils:
 Yet for chaplets so trifling these Jacobins jar,
 As our nobles contend for a ribband or star!

This club of usurpers have seiz'd the state-helm,
 And their poisonous tenets convey thro' the realm;

Subordinate

Subordinate juntos, thro' each town and village,
 Their orders obey to raise troops, and to pillage,
 And swear the Convention shall always refuse,
 As a mark of submission, to kiss Brunswic's shoes.
 Thus at Paris, the Jacobins rule on the spot,
 And send fraternis'd chiefs to each turbulent cot,
 Who first give the signal to fight and to rob,
 Then obey the commands and the freaks of the mob ;
 So the chiefs and *canaille*, on an equalis'd plan,
 Prove what may be done by *reciprocal* man.
 From the nerves of the brain our sensations thus flow,
 Descend thro' the body, and reach to the toe,
 Then low-born perceptions the summit attain,
 As a scratch on the toe gives a smart to the brain :
 With this simile pat, my first letter I end,
 And so I remain---your affectionate friend.

MON

Paris, August 30, 1792.

MON Dieu ! what a riot, the people now reign,
 They're as saucy as Britons, and fling off their chain ;
 All bold and erect, every ruffian we meet,
 And the coachmen in tremors, scarce trot thro' the street;
 With a flourishing whip, once they gallop'd along,
 And crush'd out the souls of the insolent throng ;
 To fracture a leg, was but reckon'd a joke,
 While the chariot was whirling thro' foam, and thro'
 smoke ;

How delightfully shrill the vile porters would bawl,
 As their guts were squeez'd out, tho' they crept to the wall,
 And the simpering beaux, with a grace, and an air,
 Said, the streets are too narrow—why would they be
 there ?

But now the canaille plead the freedom of man,
 And the more is the pity, cries Mallet du Pan *.

* “ Ask the porter in the street, who was formerly squeezed between the coach wheel and the wall, if he is sorry, that the coach and he who rode in it are both *vanish'd*.”—Page 73. Consideration on the French Revolution, translated from the French of M. Mallet du Pan.

All order is lost, no distinctions remain,
 Crosses, ribbands, and titles no rev'ence obtain ;
 Yet these innovators, whose crimes I detest,
 Say mortals are equal, the best are the best ;
 In some things they're equal, as ev'ry one knows,
 Each man has two arms, two legs, and one nose ;
 And of the same blood is the *poissarde* and madam,
 If we foolishly wander to Eve, and to Adam ;
 But who can e'er doubt, where nobility shines,
 That the blood in its course, both ferments and refines ;
 Impregnate with virtue, it splendidly flows,
 Tho' from the same source it congenially rose ;
 So parsnips and carrots a spirit produce,
 But the flavour and strength are confin'd to the juice ;
 Tho' meteors from dunghills with lustre arise,
 Is the filth left behind like the flame in the skies ?
 As the blossoms and fruit—the sweet nobles we see,
 Like the clod, the mere vulgar should nourish the tree ;
Comte, Prince, and Marquis, are somewhat divine,
 And the multitude sure little better than swine :

Then

Then on this great topic, let's have no more babble,
For the nobles are nobles, the people are rabble.

The bishops no longer in splendour appear,
For alas ! they're reduced to five hundred a-year ;
The wicked now scoff, as Christ's vicars approach,
As they've lost all respect with their footmen and coach ;
And the poor now retort with a fly sneer and laughter,
The worse your lot now---you'll be better hereafter.
Chaste Nuns in their cloysters no longer *will* tarry,
Nor like angels count beads, but like carnal jades marry :
With no *Matins*, no *Vespers* their sorrow prolong,
But their sentiments speak in this amorous song.

THE NUN'S SONG.

NO more we'll celebrate the Mass

With Abbesses and Friars ;

But all our future moments pass

In soothing soft desires !

C

To



To nuptial bliss we'll now aspire,
 And beauty's triumph shew,
 While beam our eyes with youthful fire,
 While yet our bosoms glow.

To Venus, and the winged Boy,
 We'll consecrate our lives;
 Chaste Nuns shall feel a double joy,
 As mothers and as wives.

Alas! what a change in the clergy of late,
 No more will they model and govern the state;
 No more^h e'en the name of the people arise,
 And elect to the crown by their own special grace;
 No more to a king in their loyalty turn,
 And beg each hereticalⁱ monster to burn;
 From christian affection they'd torture his frame,
 And inspire him with grace, and new life from the flame;
 A frog thus our curious Anatomists chop,
 Lay bare his fine nerves, his elastic limbs lop,
 Till he dies all convulsed in sad muscular strife,
 Then they grant him a wond'rous reversion of life;

By

By electrical sparks all his functions restore,
 And the croaker soon vibrates, and jumps as before*.
 But still to the Priests of dear Albion I stray,
 And *passive obedience* inspires the fond lay;
 Which they piously preach, while their hands they uplift,
 Abjuring the tenets of PARR and of SWEET†:
 Those lights of the Church, how they gloriously shine,
 While HORSLEY in Kings spies out somewhat divine!
 As Ulysses inspir'd saw Gods in disguise‡,
 Tho' Affes and Owls in an Infidel's eyes;
 And hence on the Prelate, grace sheds a new light,
 As a glass *Achromatic* § illumines the night:
 Celestial his ken, beyond dim reason's mark,
 For a Priest like a cat can see best in the dark;
 This leads him of mystical secrets to tell,
 As stars lost in the sky, may be found in a well.

* Experiments on Animal Electricity by Eusebius Valli, M. D.

† Homer.

‡ Called the Night-Telescope.

What harassing duties their Lordships can bear,
While they vote as they're bid---or compose a fine
pray'r!

Hear PORTEUS exclaim; * Could the envious but see,
Their heart-felt afflictions, they soon would agree,
That coaches, emoluments, titles, and plate,
Are but trifling *douceurs* to alleviate their state;
While the dire apprehensions they scarcely can bear,
Lest the souls should be lost, they have had in their care;
This mars all their pleasures, deprives them of rest,
And with dismal forebodings distresses their breast;
On the bench, for our sins, how the pious tear drops,
Where they nod like black Turkey-cocks hung with
red chops.

Thro' the peasants, rebellion her venom has spread,
And the wholesome coercion of justice is fled;

* See Dr. Porteus's Sermon, preached at the funeral of Archbishop Secker.

Uncontroll'd every farmer, nay cottager runs,
 To range o'er the fields with his dogs and his guns:
 And each ploughman exults, and triumphantly bears,
 To his children and wife, the plump pheasants and hares;
 Tho' once if he dar'd thus to sport and to dally,
 He had tug'd for his life in the king's royal galley:
 O ne'er may such freedom in Britain prevail,
 May the 'Squire still commit to the hulks, or the jail,
 The felons, who dare e'en to throw a fly glance,
 On a partridge or hare that's brought over from France.*.
 And lest poachers should ever escape from his fury,
 Imprison and whip, without judges or jury.
 May our Lords and our Commons associate together,
 And join in this cause like birds of a feather;
 To enforce the game laws, may they always assemble,
 Informers to cherish, make yeomen to tremble.

Here the peasant affects to be chearful and blythe,
 Tho' he works at no corvée, nor pays any tythe;

* See the Advertisment of the Noblemen and Gentlemen associated
 for the Preservation of the Game.

He's a Citizen call'd, by this title so fine,
 He eats his own bread, and enjoys his own wine;
 And this maxim flagitious he ventures to broach,
 That he'll now drive his cart, cheek by jowl with a coach;
 And as mortals are equal by nature and birth,
 That we all have a claim to a slice of the earth.
 Tho' Aristocrates their own purpose to serve,
 Would surfeit and riot, when millions they starve.
 Ah curs'd be such maxims, shall monarchy bow,
 And man claim a right to the sweat of his brow?
 Shall thrones be revers'd by such apothegms scurvy
 That our system will shake, till it's quite topsy turvey.

Still I mourn, and exclaim what disasters I see,
 For pleasure is fled with all laughter and glee;
 Here the rough sons of Britain were taught the soft glance,
 And imbib'd the allegiance, and maxims of France;
 To spurn the mere vulgar, to bow with *some* grace,
 And beg at St. James's a title or place.

With

Now saucy viragoes triumphantly ride
 With a belt o'er the shoulder, and sword by the side ;
 Of Freedom and France with much sauciness prate,
 And encourage their children to fight for the state ;
 They all are be-*soldier'd*, no citizen's idle,
 As some hold the musket, and others the bridle,
 Clad in blue (without buff), but the poor tatter'd tyke,
 Who can't purchase a gun, struts along with a pike. .
 Postillions and Carters, most civilly greet,
 And bestow on each other cockades in the street ;
 But no filk one's allow'd on *Egalité's* plan,
 As a worsted cockade marks the level of man.

Here the Graces no longer frisk, frolic, and smile,
 No more will gay Paris all Europe beguile ;
 Nor enchant her wild Youth both by love and by play,
 And inebriate their souls at a *petit souper* :
 For love was enhanc'd by the musical strain,
 And the fair were Calypsos, in wit and champaign ;
 Our beauties to please, as my lays dance along,
 I, gladly translate a short amorous song :

LUCINDA

LUCINDA boasts a charm divine,
By love's enchanting grace;
On me her eyes benignly shine,
While blushes paint her face.

She clasps me to her panting breast,
Pleas'd with th' impassion'd strife;
Then sooths my amorous woes to rest,
And cheers the gloom of life.

The glow-worm's tail thus sheds a light,
To guide her lover's way;
For him illumines the dreary night,
And gilds the thorny spray.

Thus the glow of dear sentiment brighten'd the face,
And beauty from fashion deriv'd a new grace;
Sensation was taught mental feelings to prize,
And the wish of the heart gave a tongue to the eyes;

Sweetly

Sweetly throb'd with emotion the sensitive breast,
 As myrtle deliciously breathes, when it's press'd.
 Social taste gave the *ton*, sped the blessings of life,
 And every man courted another man's wife :
 Thus friends were attach'd by the charms of each
 woman,

As the primitive Christians had all things in common.
 Love spread her gauze veil, and became more refin'd,
 And the joys of the sense were impress'd on the mind:
 So the painters' bright tints we with rapture admire,
 When enamel'd they shine, and are fix'd by the fire.
 The fair took from books what was decent and fit,
 Hence the flavour and zest of their delicate wit :
 Thus, from islands of spice, zephyrs flauntingly bear
 The sweets that they steal, and perfume the whole air.

Here the pretty *Bourgeoise*, drest in smiles and in
 charms,

Oft ogled the courtier, and flew to his arms ;
 And a *lettre de cachet* secured them their bliss,
 For the spouse was *bastil'd*, and saw nothing amiss.

What

What a delicate trait of the courtier and wife,
 To save the poor cuckold from conjugal strife!
 But alas! all these pretty manoeuvres are o'er;
 True politeness is fled,—the Bastile is no more!
 When *lettres de cachet* were sign'd, and were ready,
 They kept millions submissive, and government steady;
 And Mam Pempadour, by so lenient a law*,
 The culprit reform'd, by bread, water, and straw.
 At her concert, Tartini play'd hy-der-um diddle,
 And Diderot sneer'd at the twang of his fiddle;
 But it cost him full dear; in a cell he lay low,
 Till *Paccavi* he cry'd to the Prince of the bow.
 Thus the chains of respect were ne'er riven asunder,
 And the court of Versailles stir'd up envy and wonder.
 No more from each province will fair ladies trudge,
 To solicit their suit, or enrapture the judge;
 So the rigour of justice was soften'd by love,
 And the harpy of strife took the form of a dove;
 The spirit of chivalry reign'd o'er the laws,
 When the glances of beauty decided the cause.

* Rousseau's Confessions, Vol. III. p. 220.

But Gallia is ruin'd, and chivalry dead,
 And the glory of Europe for ever is fled;
 Proud Freedom in servitude lately we saw;
 But now, sex and rank are enslav'd by the law;
 The Grace of life's gone which came hither unbought,
 Of heroes the nurse, and of ev'ry bright thought:
 How chaste the men's honour! a stain was a scar,
 But no lady was scratch'd in this chivalry war;
 Vice lost all its grossness, became pure and fine,
 And to virtue was chang'd by a Polish divine;
 As water polluted, and foul to the sight,
 By filtring, again runs pellucid and bright,
 So || CASSAVI's roots a dire venom contain,
 Squeeze out the gross juice, and you squeeze out the bane;
 For this logic persuasive, no merit I claim,
 EDMUND proves vice and virtue sublimely the same:
 His eulogium, *our* own native Trinity† tells,
 Tho' Oxford refuses her Cap;—*without bells!*
 To France and rebellion I now bid adieu,
 On Hesperia's sweet plain, I'll again write to you.

P. S.

P. S.

ALAS ! Who'd have thought it—the Prussians one
night,

With Fred the *illum'd* have skulk'd off in a fright !
He's shamefully gone, for the *drums* would'nt beat,
As his uncle had bid them, ne'er tap a retreat ;
The peasants are dup'd, and with anguish they weep,
And beg he'd come back to account for their sheep.
Some say that his soldiers were melted to jelly
By eating of grapes, that *cathartic'd* the belly.
As a corps of vile doctors were sent at full gallop,
Thro' Alface to sprinkle the vineyards with jallap ;
But the base *Sans Culottes* here exultingly boast,
How the Monarch was scar'd by his uncle's grim ghost ;
That he trembled and shook, like the Jew—royal Saul,
When the old Witch of Endor foretold the King's fall :
In such haste the next morning he wish'd to retire,
That he left fifty reg'ments stuck fast in the mire,
And now the comedians exultingly sing,
A shabby Duet, to enrage the good King.

DUET.

DUET.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

FROM Tartarus I come Fred,
And fain again would rule;
Prussia's fame, and glory's fled,
And you're a vapouring fool:

My hard-earn'd treasures fly,
To feed French Jades and Apes;
Without a wound my soldiers die,
By eating jalap'd grapes.

FREDERIC THE THIRD.

PERTURBED spirit rest,
You gorg'd yourself on earth,
With blood, and wine, and jest,
Then leave us to our mirth.

I'll strip rebellious Poles,
And kiss bold Kate of Russia ;
I'll hang the French, and damn their souls,
And rise the Pope of Prussia.

PART

PART SECOND.

LETTERS

FROM

ITALY.

SALVE MAGNA PARENS FRUGUM

SATURNIA TELLUS

VIRGIL.

Rome, November 30th, 1792.

I'M lost in amaze on this classical ground,
 'Midst the tombs of Antiquity scatter'd around;
 Association's dear charms with new beauties arise,
 Enrapturing the heart, and delighting the eyes:
 * Where sweet Tully harangu'd with most lofty decorum,
 To the people assembled, and squeez'd in the forum;
 Here the Ox loudly bellows, re-echoes the Swine,
 Yet he tickles our ears with his Speeches divine;
 And in the *minds' eye*, we still see him stand,
 Declaiming, and joking, and waving his hand;
 As drunken Antonius, he sharply rebuk'd,
 And told on the bench, how he hickup'd and puk'd†:
 Till Fulvia enrag'd by such cynical sneers,
 Thrust her *awl* thro' his tongue, and cut off head and ears.
 The next scenic spot did enchantingly suit us,
 Where we saw Cæsar fall by his son Marcus-Brutus!
 And You too my bastard, he scornfully cry'd,
 Tuck'd his robe round his rump, and most decently dy'd.

* The Forum, which is now the Smithfield of Rome.

† Cicero's Philippics.

Now, thro' this delusion, we're led by a charm,
 To pry, and to peep into—Horace's farm;
 We see his snug house, and his endive plants nigh,
 Where now, smokes a dung-hill—*next door* to a stye.
 With a Girl of the Town, there he waddled along,
 And got drunk after dinner, and con'd a new song;
 In Winter, his Chloe heaped logs on the fire,
 And sung wanton songs; while he thrum'd on the lyre;
 Here his Odes he indited, or penn'd his grave letters,
 And still sup'd at home, if not ask'd by his betters;
 * But a card from Mæcenas—then frolic and gay,
 He top'd like a Satyr, and laugh'd the whole day.

Now in Virgil's small hut, with due pathos we peep,
 Where he tended his goats, cur'd the rot in his sheep;

* ——— Si nusquam es forte vocatus

Ad Cœnam ———

———— Jufferit ad se

Mæcenas serum sub lumina prima venire

Convivam, &c.

Lib. 2. Sat. 7.

Then

Then commen'd a Horse-Doctor, and as he grew bolder,
 Sung Troy, Prince Æneas, and Dad on his shoulder:
 Augustus cry'd *bravo!* he sings well of quarrels,
 I'll give him some cabbage to plant with his laurels;
 His ballad on Ploughing, no time will efface,
 For he scatters his dung with an air, and a grace.

There stands the Pantheon defying Jove's thunders,
 * The World is *astonied*;—and Rome even wonders!
 With its *Doric's* so stout, and *Ionic's* so thin,
 And a hole in the top, just to let the light in:
 At its dome pitch'd so high, with what rapture we stare,
 Like a pot without cover-lid, glew'd to the air:
 Here the Gods of the Earth, were as pris'ners detain'd,
 And to check their desertion, were hand-cuff'd and
 chain'd;

Yet they got a Diploma, to soften their doom,
 That as naturaliz'd Gods, they might practise at Rome.

* The World's just wonder, and even thine O Rome!

POPE.

Here Manlius the Hero, who crow'd like a cock,
 When he drove off the Gauls, from his Tarpeian rock
 Was encircled by honour, and high puff'd by fame,---
 For the Sceptre of Tarquin, ~~he~~*then* push'd his claim;---
 Tho' He ask'd for his brilliant exploits but a Crown,
 Yet the knaves from the precipice tumbled him down!
 So, the bravoës of France *, who *assassin* and rob,
 Stout Orleans arrested, and smack'd off his nob;
 And Houchard † bastil'd, till they rung his *ding dong*,
 Still he play'd on the fiddle, and sung his death song.
 But with anger indignant, the Muse strikes the lyre,
 When she sees Virtue, Genius, with BAILLI expire;
 Where his noble career, BRISOT gloriously ends,
 Who died for his Country, and died with his friends;
 What higher eulogium to him, can I raise,
 Than Loughborough's malice, and Lauderdale's praise!

* The reader will excuse a few *anachronisms*, as some additions have been made to the original letters.

† Mourir n'est rien—Air in the Desert, which Houchard constantly sung to the fiddle, during his confinement.

Now for Statues, each cranny I curious explore,
 Tho' at Florence *, the Harlot of Mars I adore ;
 There wantons the chissel, in blushes and wishes,
 And swells the red lip with the pout of kind kisses ;
 How modest her glance, with her eye-lid *up-lift* †,
 While she seems as if looking about for her shift ;
 She spreads forth her fingers, a screen to her breast,
 And her smile just expresses---You see I'm not drest !
 But I'm waiting for Mars, and I care not a jot,
 I'm Venus, *sans jupon*, and he's *sans-culotte* ;
 You may look if you please---I'm not Pallas the prude,
 Cupid stole off my zone, and you see I'm quite *nude*.

Apollo, here raptures the keen glancing fair,
 Who worship his Godship y'clip'd Belvidere !
 He strikes the sublime thro' the liver and marrow,
 As he throws back his bow, and dispatches an arrow ;

* The Venus of Medicis,

† For *Uplifted*—Milton,

O see how the Python, a Deity trims,
 How jolly his chops, and what strength in his limbs !
 If Daphne had seen him engag'd in this quarrel,
 She ne'er would have bilk'd him, in shape of a laurel ;
 Or had he been in Eden, I firmly believe,
 He'd have pierc'd the snake Satan, and sav'd mother Eve :
 Now he shines in the sky, without rival or Peer,
 A lamp to his sister, and light's Charioteer.
 But mark how his Godship encircl'd with bays,
 And dress'd like a butcher, that reprobate slays ;
 For Marsyas was drunk, and presum'd out of whim
 To play on his pipe, and to warble like him ;
 Now he handles his knife with a flourishing grace,
 And laughs, as the Satyr distorts his wry face ;
 Tho' he bellows, and whines, and looks like a Turk,
 Dan Phœbus with coolness goes on with his work :
 Thus Aub'ry* remarks, (tho' some Critics may smile)
 How Shakespeare could skin a fat calf in high style :

* " William Shakespeare's father was a butcher ; while he was a boy
 he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do
 it in high style."

And hence Commentators exultingly hallo,

" Our Shakespeare's a God, as well as Apollo !"

Yet some think Coreggio, by one single piece,
Has exalted his brush, o'er the Artists of Greece ;
Where Mary and Joseph rest under a palmⁿ,
Mary suckles the babe, while she's chanting a psalm ;
So chopping a boy, at a nipple ne'er seen,
Tho' scarce a year old, he appears as thirteen ;
Luscious dates from the tree, as the kind Joseph flings,
Mary dips in her jug, where the cool water springs ;
A group of *Celestials*, express their amaze,
While *one* holds the Ass, and invites him to graze ;
Else *be* in a frolic might wantonly stray,
If this sky-livery'd groom hadn't been in the way.

But the sons of the chissel would swear they surpass us,
If once they saw Raphael's display of Parnassusⁿ ;
The Muses sing ballads, the God in the middle,
Scrapes out of all tune, for he scrapes on the fiddle ;

Homer

And

Homer swears that his Godship has lost all his fire,
And Virgil cries, zounds! what's become of his lyre?
Ariosto and Danté are lavish of jeers;
And Tasso runs off, with his thumbs in his ears.
To expiate his crime, how can Raphael e'er hope
Who befiddles Apollo, to please an old Pope?
But to pictures and statues, I now bid adieu,
Tho' you see with what taste I can write on Virtu!

Rome, December 25, 1792,

YOU ask, my dear JEPH', to enliven my song,
 By transcribing my notes, as I travell'd along ;
 Ere I give to my fancy poetical scope ;
 And an Anti-Christ paint, whom we here call a Pope,
 —At Venice how pleas'd where I relish'd the jeers,
 Of those musical sailors, the gay Gondoliers ;
 Who in strains most melodious, most sweetly rehearse,
 Tasso's amorous strains in their black floating hearse ;
 Yet our boatmen of Thames never deign to display,
 Their taste by reciting from Milton, or Gray ;
 Because British ladies intrigue in their houses,
 And ne'er sail in barges uncumber'd with spouses,
 Thro' the Gondola, Cupid his arrows dispatches,
 'Mid Seignors and Seignoras coop'd under hatches ;
 Who in the short pauses of mutual delight,
 Hear the pilots of Love serenading all night ;
 And tuning the Voice, as the bark moves along,
 Keep time to the dash of their Oars with this Song :

SONG.

LET us chant our Seignoras to hail,
 No Gondolier sleeps, or is stupid;
 The favourites of Venus here fail,
 And we are the sailors of Cupid.

All night our soft beauties may boat,
 To sport and enjoy their sweet fun;
 They may do what they please while they float,
 And go home with the light of the fun.

How slow with her spouse the day steals,
 While she pants for the joys of the night;
 For a favour the Cicisbe' kneels,
 Nor usurps like a husband his right.

See Venice the Queen of the tide,
 Bids the waves round her palaces twine;
 And to Venus she's warmly ally'd,
 As they both started up from the brine.

Here

Here the Goddess presides, and still bills like a dove,
 And ev'ry sensation is wound up to love ;
 Strange stories about this mad passion they tell us,
 And make nothing of killing, whenever they're jealous;
 Th' assassin *asylums* himself in the church,
 And we see him in every fine portico lurch ;
 Where he prays like a saint and devoutly sings psalms,
 And piously lives on donations and alms ;
 With a sanctify'd phiz, struts about a fly fryar,
 Who for killing his mistress was forc'd to retire ;
 As the convent all swore, she was kind to another,
 And her favours deny'd to their innocent brother :
 The saint in a rage had recourse to his knife,
 And stab'd in the church, where he now pass'd his life ;
 May her sons always cherish this Catholic hope,
 To escape from the devil, as well as the rope.

Let Venus continue her Florence to grace,
 And the Duke to improve the police of the place ;

As

As his highness by innate sagacity led
 To equality, levels all folk—when they're dead.
 Monseignor and Seignora, from life when they part,
 With beggars are group'd in the funeral cart;
 The priest gives a pass to each penitent soul,
 And their bodies are flung into one common hole;
 His highness commands—no distinctions are made,
 Between the sweet virgin, and frousy old Jade.
 In vain their hard fate, foolish mothers deplore,
 And with horror behold the cramm'd hearse at the door,
 For weeping they long to strew flow'rs o'er the bier,
 As if even in death, we felt sympathy's tear :
 But Le'pold most wisely with Machi'vel art,
 This innate delusion has pluck'd from the heart ;
 How godlike his aim, thus to equalise slaves,
 And their freedom restore in republican graves !

How happy the realms, where such potentates reign,
 Like Tuscany's Duke—or the Sovereign of Spain;

No faucy restrictions e'er limit his will,
 Nor prevent a display of his Majesty's skill;
 O come, gentle Muse, and with triumph relate,
 How from ruin he recently sav'd the whole State;
 As a fever expanded Mortality's gloom,
 And every day, thousands had swept to the tomb;
 He justly conceiv'd—in his sage royal thought,
 That the pestilence spread, thro' the doctor's own fault;
 'For as diff'rent specifics they chose to convey,
 The Malady ne'er was attack'd in one way;
 And therefore, this scepter'd physician of state,
 Assembled his council (no room for debate);
 And *one* recipe read, to be us'd without fail,
 By all Doctors in Spain, or be lodg'd in a jail.
 There with robbers and felons the same lot endure,
 And they richly deserv'd it, like PALMER and MUIR!
 But the Leeches prescrib'd without any objection,
 And the Lord's own anointed thus stop'd the infection.
 Some faint fure endu'd him with this healing grace,
 WARREN ne'er could have hit such a critical case.

Philadelphia

Philadelphia now mourns, and her passing bells ring,
 She might have been sav'd—but she threw off a King!

At Pavia, a singular custom prevails,
 To protect the poor debtor from bailiffs and jails;
 He discharges his score without paying a jot,
 By seating himself on a stone, *Sans Culotte*.
 There solemnly swearing, as honest men ought,
 That he's poorer than Job, when reduc'd to a groat:
 Yet this naked truth, with such stigma disgraces,
 That the rogue, as on nettles, sits, making wry faces.
 How strange in such folks to be troubled with shame,
 If we paid our debts by performing the same;
 Our Commons and Peers of their feat would be proud,
 Take this oath of conformity, laughing aloud:
 Our Faro-bank ladies would relish the jest,
 And their honour restore by this ludicrous test;
 The free-stone from friction would soon want repairs,
 As penitent knees wear St. Peter's hard stairs.
 But grave ermin'd sages are justly afraid,
 That freeing of debtors would ruin our trade;

If credit's destroy'd, what becomes of the land,
 Could glory and war their dear blessings expand;
 Won't the Chancellor say---Shall commerce and riches
 Be banish'd our isle, by untrussing of breeches?
 Then *Lord Justice Clerk*, against *Littleton* quote,
 So reject Alfred's laws, and the bill by a vote.

Here the spruce little Pug-dog in fatness remains,
 How ungratefully driven from Britain's free plains;
 Kind ladies the dear pretty mastiff so hug,
 While he sits on their lap, how they dandle the pug!
 When William the hero, tho' seldom victorious,
 (And therefore the Paddies still call him *Old Glorious*!)
 Came over most zealous to fight for religion,
 Tho' as little he priz'd it as Mahomet's pigeon;
 He imported these bull-dogs and bade them succeed,
 As he did himself, to King Charles, and his breed.
 Their footing they gain'd, upon James's disaster,
 For they never, like Churchill, deserted their master;
 Tho'

Tho' republicans bred, they still bark'd round the
throne,

And like favourites were fed by a bit and a bone.

The little black Spaniel was then a rank Tory,

And indignantly worry'd by Pug in full glory ;

Who was kiss'd by the bishops, and dames with a smack,

'Till proudly he curl'd his Whig-tail on his back :

But when the true Tories again came to shine,

And HORSLEY in tyrants found something divine ;

Then Pug the Dissenter embark'd in a huff,

Else his skin had been flead, and transform'd to a muff ;

And presented by B—ke, with a book to the Queen,

To prove, hanging of Pugs would give Priestley the

spleen ;

That we're ripe for rebellion as Tom Paine has said,

And we ne'er could thrive till these mastiffs were dead :

For else, these fanatical dogs, out of spite,

Might their brethren infect by a Jacobin bite :

And M'AM, what a tragical scene would ensue,

Since, still their anarchical scheme to pursue,

To

To the chosen state-pack the infection they'd bring,
 And the flag hounds of Windsor might turn on the King;
 As good Prince Actæon, says Ovid canorous,
 Was torn by his Jacobin dogs in full Chorus.

The taste here for gardens description defies,
 As the mould black and dusty is blown in your eyes;
 O'er the grass parch'd and blasted, no rivulets spread,
 But are spouted from trees cast in iron or lead.

The warblers of Nature flit off on the wing,
 Left their love should be prun'd,—to instruct them to
 sing;

For songsters and flutes are prepar'd the same way,
 They're *scoop'd* and they're *trim'd*; till they pour the
 sweet lay.

In tubs cram'd with dirt, drooping flow'rets appear,

And a pound, or a paddock, encircles the deer.

For rural delights, thro' the alleys we run,

And are blinded by sand, or bescorch'd by the sun.

No arbour, no shade, and no verdure is seen,

For the trees and the turf are all colours but green.

E

Here

Here the faints of the rubric are planted in rows,
 St. Dunstan, in box, takes Old Nick, by the nose ;
 SUSANNAH in holly resists the attack,
 And the Elders, in willow, are laid on their back ;
 Father Adam, in fir, lives in evergreen pride,
 And grafted in myrtle, Eve peeps from his side,
 The venomous yew Sarah's jealousy shews,
 And the sensitive plant Hagar's feelings disclose ;
 There Judith still shakes Holofernes's head,
 While the cypress displays how the heroine sped ;
 Father Noah is shap'd from his dearly lov'd vine ;
 Lot's daughters in ivy their parent entwine ;
 The hawthorn aspires Jael's deed to explain,
 And supplies nail and hammer for Sisera's brain.
 Vegetation in sorrow, how poorly I sing !
 I could ne'er hit a note on a dolorous string ;
 Though the pathos, sublime, I with rapture admire,—
 But I touch on BRAGANZA,---so lay down my lyre.

Rome, February 14, 1793.

TWO facts are alledg'd, and they're strong ones,
you'll own,

Why sunshine and virtue here settled their throne ;
As none for their crimes by the rope e'er expire,
And the chimneys are seldom polluted with fire ;
Yet people are stab'd in each street, as I'm told,
And in this genial climate, I'm shiv'ring with cold.
If a lady looks chill, the soft Cicisbe' begs,
To convey some hot embers between her fair legs ;
From the fuming expansion she feels a fine glow,
As it gradually spreads from her hip to her toe ;
And as vapours ascend from their primitive place,
They cherish the hands, shed a blush on the face ;
For a blush is'nt otherwise quite *a-la-mode*,
And it's only by charcoal that colour's bestow'd.
Pray what is this *rouge*, but the sign of a fault,
When the blood rashly mounts, to reveal the fly thought :

But Italia's free dames by their converse so gay,
 Have banish'd most justly this traytor away :
 The *double entendre*, with them's a prim prude,
 Like their statues, ideas are perfectly *nude* ;
 Hence ladies we see, who delightfully roam,
 In this sweet Cyprian clime, are so knowing at home ;
 They describe every part of a statue with glee,
 And adjust the proportion of nose, and of knee ;
 With eyes so inform'd they examine the *beaux*,
 As if they would measure them quit thro' their cloaths ;
 * Peace to good Taylor's soul, ah how little he weens,
 That Miss can distinguish — ere come to her teens !
 Hence her nuptial perceptions we justly admire,
 And her fancy *phosphoric*, that's almost on fire ;
 So inflam'd by warm novels, and amorous plays,
 Like marsh's rich stream, ev'ry spark makes it blaze,

But I should'nt forget a ridiculous story
 Of a Lady, and Signore *Improvvisatore* ;

* “ Virgins must contend for a singular modesty ; whose first part
 must be an ignorance in the distinction of sexes.” — Jer. Taylor's Holy
 Living, page 73.

When

When the pretty *Inglese* replenish'd a cup
 Of tea for the bard---ere he tasted a sup ;
 With a soft melting voice, he began to rehearse,
 The charms of the fair, in his delicate verse ;
 And his splendid invention, and genius you'll see,
 As the Lady is prais'd thro' the medium of tea ;
 No ideas disturb the smooth flow of his song,
 Like a stream without pebbles it ambles along.
 It's a medley melodious, compos'd in a strain,
 Just to tickle the ear, and not reach to the brain :
 But I vainly attempt such soft notes to transfuse,
 Since like æther, they fly, and escape from my muse.

IMPROVISO.

When the bitter tea I sip,
 Tea that's bitter to the lip ;
 Yet receiving it from you,
 Makes it sweet, and gives it *gout*.

Coming

Coming from your fair white hand,
 Makes it soft, and makes it bland.
 That white hand which Kings might kiss,
 Prelude dear to future bliss ;
 Since the happy lover trips,
 From the fingers to the lips ;
 Lips that shame the roses bloom,
 Both in colour and perfume,
 Lips from which such accents fall,
 As must win the hearts of all.
 Accents breathing wit and fire,
 Kindling chaste, yet warm desire ;
 Accents match'd with such a face ;
 Such an air, and such a grace ;
 As must ravish every heart,
 Run like life through every part ;
 Did not Juno's lofty air,
 (Seldom found in any fair)
 Did not Pallas' martial mien,
 Pallas, War's and Wisdom's Queen ;

Did not Dian's Virgin fear,

Check the free, and wanton leer;

Which like Venus you excite,

Venus Goddess of delight ;

Venus who so sweetly reigns,

On the flowery Cyprian plains ;

Goddess of extatic joy,

Mother of the winged boy ;

Mars's mistress, Vulcan's wife,

Emblem of connubial life.

Shewing thus the roseat way,

How the Fair may sweetly stray :

And devote their blooming charms,

To a Cicisbeo's arms.

Yet you shun this dear example,

Giving us no common sample ;

How a beauty must combine,

All the attributes divine ;

And singly in her person bear,

What Juno, Pallas, Dian, share ;

Did

Or

Or like others you would stray,
 Yield yourself a tempting prey ;
 Like those who boast a pretty face,
 Venus' air, and Venus grace :
 Nor have that superior sense
 Of chastity, and excellence ;
 Which three Goddesses divine,
 Bid around your person shine.

O give me another Good Friday to stare,
 At St. Peter's bright lamps, as they gleam thro' the air ;
 In the shape of a cross, they illumine the night,
 And fill every penitent soul with delight ;
 As they humbly advance their poor bodies to flash,
 With a cord round the waist, like an officer's sash ;
 Then to the high altar devoutly they caper,
 Kiss a crucifix kneeling, and brandish a taper ;
 And then to astonish the soul with surprise,
 Three miraculous wonders are held to their eyes ;

But

But to paint them in rhyme might be reckon'd profane,
 So let GRAY to St. EDMUND and HORSLEY explain *.
 'Mid the people, these relics stir up a commotion,
 While the pavement they kiss, thump their breast with
 devotion :

But in a side chapel expos'd to our view,
 Twelve lachrymal sinners their pastime pursue ;
 Their shoulders and waist they most piously strip,
 Then, to expiate their crimes, the rebellious flesh whip;
 How dearly they pay for their frailties and sins,
 While the red and white streaks so *mosaic* their skins;
 If the blood hadn't come, I could safely have sworn,
 That red Jackets they wore, all be-tatter'd and torn ;
 A Fryar or Priest would have play'd such a trick ;
 But *these* were Enthusiasts, who cut to the quick.
 Yet this tragical scene in a sanctify'd cause
 Was received with loud *bravoes*, and bursts of applause !

* " The head of the spear that wounded Christ; St. Veronica's handkerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and a piece of the true Cross." Mason's Edition of Gray, Vol. II. p. 114.

So striking a fight did my passions refine,
 That with rapture I knelt at St. Agnes's shrine ;
 Where each pretty Ba-lamb most gaily appears,
 With ribbands stuck round in its tail, and its ears ;
 On gold-fringed cushions they're stretch'd out to eat,
 And piously *ba*, and to church-music bleat ;
 Yet to me, they seem crying—alack, and alas !
 What's all this white damask to daisies and grass !
 Then they're brought to the Pope, and with transport
 they're kiss'd,

And receive Consecration from Sanctity's fist :
 To chaste Nuns he consigns them, instead of their dams,
 And orders the Fryars to keep them from rams.—
 —In my next, some miraculous facts I'll relate,
 With pious reflections on Church and on State,

SING

Rome, January 15th, 1793.

SING eulogiums to him who divinely presides,
 Who to Manna celestial the Catholick guides ;
 And in this vale of tears, often puzzles his head,
 To provide his good people with flesh-meat and bread.
 His prefect adopts a benignant device,
 To oblige all the farmers to sell at his price ;
 If they will not comply, they must home with the grain,
 So he *lords* o'er the harvest, and ruins the swain.
 Yet the poor squalid peasants seem ill at their ease,
 Since they cannot dispose of their crops as they please ;
 In dirt, and in rags, they are constantly seen,
 And in hovels repine, wretched, filthy and mean ;
 Where they starve, tho' they pray with their children
 and wife,
 And hope for a change, when they're rid of this life ;
 As amidst the vine's shade, they taste nothing but woe,
 And for them, neither grapes, nor the oranges grow ;

The Pope here deprives them of comfort and rest,
That they may have a chance to be finally blest.

Thro' the *Campo Vaccinio*, the President roves
Where lambs, pigs, and oxen, are crouded in droves;
With bullocks, and calves, and their owners to mix,
And the price of each article graciously fix;
If they grumble at this, he commands as their Lord,
To drive off their cattle, and give them the *cord*! *
This Magistrate's also, the chief of the soil,
And presides o'er the olives, and squeezes the oil;
Then in cisterns its stor'd, till he properly thinks
That it's fit to be sold, when it's rank, and it stinks;
And if the Proprietor's froward and cross,
He's imprison'd and fin'd, and abides by the loss;
And hence to escape from the hazard of jail,
He profanely thanks God when the olive crops fail.

* A peculiar species of mild Ecclesiastical punishment; the culprit is hoisted up by a cord and pulley, and suddenly let down; by which his joints are dislocated, and he is often disabled for life.

But if Epicures wish for a delicate bit,
 The *Palazza Nuova* their palate will hit ;
 There the Chamberlain's Auditor stands in the crowd,
 The prices of chickens proclaiming aloud ;
 And for nine or ten *Bajos* * the penitent wins,
 A remission in full for his manifold sins ;
 Thus *here* and *hereafter* are balanc'd and even,
 And we're taught how to purchase eggs, pullets, or
 heav'n !

But Mercy and Justice, in union divine,
 Temper Criminal Law, while they awfully shine,
 Since existence must perish, it plainly appears,
 That murder can only cut off a few years ;
 Then how trifling the crime just to hasten the pang,
 And two lives are lost, when the cut-throat we hang.
 But robbing or stealing well merits the rack,
 As your horse or your purse you can seldom get back ;
 And pickpockets, therefore, must row for their life,
 But the convict's releas'd, tho' he murder'd his wife !

* A *bajock* is a Roman coin, nearly the value of a halfpenny.

The Pontiff of Rome * did this maxim refine,
 Who died *Anno Domini*, Sixty and Nine;
 That murders *ten thousand* distinguish'd his reign,
 All Europe he *disanc'd*, and justly grew vain.

No longer let sceptics religion disgrace,
 Heaven still is propitious to Abraham's race;
 All Rome will attest that my story is true,
 As the miracle's prov'd both by Christian and Jew:
 The zealots assembled their daggers to drench
 In the Israelites' blood as allies of the French;
 But first they proceeded the Virgin to bear
 From the Jews' sacred quarter, with hymns and with
 pray'r †;
 Yet, wond'rous to tell, let them do what they will,
 No force could remove her;---*Madonna* stood still.

* Pope Razzonico.—The reader is referred to a most curious and authentic account of the Temporal Government of the Pope's State, published by Johnson, 1788.

† An Extraordinary Gazette, with an account of this miracle, properly vouched, was published by the Pope's authority, and distributed *gratis* among the People.

The

The priests all acknowledg'd the signal divine,
 When they saw her determin'd to stay in her shrine;
 The Pope and the Cardinals publish'd the case,
 How the Virgin celestial extended her grace,
 To the Hebrews devoted to part with their lives,
 And commanded the People to give up their knives;
 At the altar they drop'd them, and pil'd them by dozens,
 When they saw the good Virgin still favour'd her
 cousins.

I know it's reported, but scoffs I detest,
 When acts great and sacred are turn'd to a jest,
 That the Priests had receiv'd from the Israelite tribe,
 For this specious device, a munificent bribe;
 And had sily contriv'd every effort should fail,
 Since they fasten'd the image by hook, and by nail;
 Can such unbelievers for mercy e'er hope,
 Who profanely can doubt an infallible Pope!
 If their faith they with-hold both from Christian and Jew,
 CALONNE, CAGLIOSTRO will swear, it is true;

And

And the holy Tribunal, whose zeal I admire,
 Will clear up all *doubting*, by faggot and fire;
 This mode is persuasive, and surely the best,
 It convinces the soul, when so ardently prest;
 The truth of the miracle's branded within,
 As a tree never fades, when *tattow'd* on the skin;
 If this illustration appear somewhat new,
 Sir JOSEPH will prove it demonstrably true.

May the Catholic Church still with splendour arise,
 By this ladder of Jacob, we mount to the skies;
 The sides are of faith, and the rungs are of hope,
 And it's call'd *Lignum Vita*, and blest'd by the Pope:
 Ev'n Jove, and his courtiers, he kindly baptizes,
 And as Saints, and as Martyrs, their Godships he prizes;
 DIANA the Huntress, new worshippers wins,
 Who call her St. AGNES, confessing their sins;
 To the God ESCULAPIUS, incurable pray,
 Since the Doctor is *christianis'd*, St. Bart'lome.

Tho'

Tho' the Goddess of Antipertussis we scoff,
 As *Madame dell' Tossa*, she opiates a cough;
 And hence by our sage Cicerones we're told,
 That the Antients were sometimes confin'd by a cold;
 And I think the assertion we scarcely can blame,
 As the malady must have preceded its name;
 If their knowledge is question'd, they answer with scorn,
 Would you christen a child, ere its previously born?---

At Trajan's fam'd pillar with wonder I stare,
 But rejoice that his ashes no longer are there;
 Wise Sextus devoutly consider'd the case,
 And gave to St. Peter that dignify'd place;
 At the glories of Rome, from its summit to peep,
 And see with delight how the Pope trim'd his sheep.

How justly Old Rome, art thou punish'd for pride,
 No more on their pillars, thy Emperors stride;
 No more in their temples, thy Deities nod,
 A Saint, or a Martyr, succeeds to a God!

F

And

And joyful, the names of thy heroes I trace,
 Thy Scipios, thy Cæsars, divinity's race;
 To Negroes and dogs, who such epithets gain;
 —How vain then is grandeur, and glory how vain?
 Let us seriously pause, and consider these things,
 For man's not immortal, and mortal are kings!
 Thro' life's magic lantern, since man's mystic birth,
 Strange things are display'd on this stage of the Earth!
 We come up like a flower, like a weed pass away,
 And move in succession;—each dog has his day.
 ---Let Children and Parents remember this truth,
 It's the comfort of age, and a warning to youth;
 That we all may with cheerfulness march to the tomb,
 As one generation for 'tother makes room;
 Thus a carriage rolls off, from an Opera, or Play,
 And a second draws up, as the first drives away.

Here the Cardinal's Vicar presides over morals,
 Both to stifle domestic profaneness and quarrels;

His Sanctify'd Spies are the Cenfors of life,
 And often chastise both the Husband and Wife ;
 To a house of correction they're justly consign'd,
 Where they're disciplin'd often, and closely confin'd.
 And, lest they should pass in despondence their time,
 They ne'er know their accusers, nor what is their crime!
 The number of Carates is Eighty and two,
 They're the Vicar's Inquisitors, active and true ;
 And often the Fair, tho' a blush may arise,
 Must her virtue resign, as a bribe to the spies ;
 For as reputation is wisely her aim,
 She preserves it the best, who preserves a good name ;
 Tho' her Virtue's consum'd---on her lustre we gaze,
 As like a young Phoenix, fame springs from the blaze.

But Charity's blessings this Capital grace,
 And sins multitudinous, sweetly efface ;
 Here Charity reigns, I may fairly presume,
 From the legions of mendicants swarming at Rome ;

As Heliogabalus truly display'd,
 The City's vast size, from the cobwebs he weigh'd.
 They croud in the Churches, and press in the Square,
 When in ruins we dive, the poor beggars are there ;
 Still they eat, and they drink, without labour or toil,
 And from them is deriv'd, the *baut gout* of the soil ;
 As each Palace superb, most perceptibly bears,
 The nauseous pollution, that covers the stairs ;
 And hence of the Ladies, some travellers tell,
 How their sensitive organs are spoil'd by this smell ;
 Since imbibing the breath of the lily they faint,
 And call for the aid of some favourite Saint.
 Alas ! who the physical cause can assign,
 Why all the dear creatures, so beauteous and fine,
 Are endu'd with so very fastidious a nose,
 That they can't bear the smell of Carnation or Rose ;
 By Lavender Water, they faint and expire,
 And from Beaux that are scented with horror retire.
 Are sensations too keen, thus converted to pain,
 When the nervous perceptions so tickle the brain ;

That

That the soul can no more her great faculties ply,
As a fiddle string cracks, when it's wound up too high!

How vain my attempt Metaphysics to pierce,
Then I'll give you a pretty idea in verse;
By the *Marquis del Brescia*, a youth of fine parts,
Who may boast of his triumphs o'er fair Ladies hearts;
Yet I think his *Concetto*, not perfectly right,
As a simile's bad, if it is not polite;
And in Chivalry's reign--- ! but no more it survives,
Then Women were Angels, as Maidens or Wives.

SEE yonder brilliant Rocket rise,
Ambitiously aspire,
To mingle with its kindred skies,
And blend congenial fire.

But soon its vivid lustre's gone,
Its dazzling glories fade,
The path is lost, through which it shone,
The stick in dust is laid,

So

So love bestows the grace and air,
 And dear delusive charms,
 That sweetly deck the maiden fair,
 ---But vanish in our arms.

'Tis Fancy throws her magic round,
 Marriage displays the trick ;
 The Angel and the Rocket's found,
 But Woman and a stick !

As I wander around, still new objects surprise,
 Here like Eden, Cavallo's sweet gardens arise ;
 Old Mulciber's works are in water display'd,
 And his hammers descend in a foaming cascade ;
 Hence Madam Piozzi, expresses her wonder,
 That a Pope (tho' not Irish) should deal in a blunder ;
 Yet his Sanctity's taste, I can justly admire,
 Who makes even water to represent fire ;
 The idea is new, even KNIGHT will admit,
 And ideas discordant are sources of wit ;
 ---But I hate philosophical points to explain,
 ---From Naples, I'll write---in a Classical strain,

O how

Naples, April 16th, 1793.

O HOW I love Naples, so frolic and gay,
 Its skies are so bright, so delightful its bay ;
 The folk as they chatter impatiently prance,
 And seem as if seiz'd with St. Vitus's dance.
 E'en the poor Lazzaroni are courtly and nice,
 As they quaff a cool cup of their snow flavour'd ice :
 They bask in the sun, love their ease, and their jokes,
 And tho' they pick pockets are good sort of folks.
 Like Venus, the ladies so charmingly smile,
 Or as Eve, when she meant Caro Spos' to beguile ;
 How voluptuous the motions, bewitching the air,
 Of the sweet Neapolitan languishing fair ;
 The breezes sulphureous, they panting inspire,
 Like matches of brimstone, each spark gives them fire ;
 While a currency dear, they add to their charms,
 By shifting each night to a new lover's arms,
 *E. *Molti Averno*, they tenderly say,
 Choose *one* out of many, for amorous play ;

† *Molti Averno, un governa, e cangiar spesso.*

But

But this rigid maxim, discreetly they soften,
By *Cangiar Spesso*, that's change very often :
Hence Cupid, they say, is still painted with wings,
And Constancy's no where, as *METESTAS*' fings.

A lover's faith in fancy blooms,
Tho' Phoenix like I ween ;
We hear of his refulgent plumes,
But who the bird has seen !

Here tribes of wise Lawyers in robes most decorous,
Snap, wrangle, and scold, and bawl in full chorus ;
The client is beggar'd, the knave his cash gathers,
So the fox eats the goose, leave the farmer the feathers.
'Tis said how a Pope mov'd by pity divine,
In a famine at Rome, sent to Naples for swine ;
Thirty thousand at least, Marquis Carpio in hope,
To save such a herd, yet not anger the Pope,
Devoutly reply'd---Blessed Father, I swear,
In Lawyers I'll pay you, the pigs I can't spare.

Thro'

Thro' streets tomb'd in ashes, delighted we tread,
Where PLINY was kill'd by a stroke on his head;
By Jove, cries his nephew, *Avunculus* drops,
Nor is sav'd by the pillow, I tied round his chops;
But I'll pen a fine letter, his praises I'll tell,
And comfort his soul in elysium, or hell!

But we're all born to die, both the weak and the strong!
* Unless our existence sage Godwin prolong;
He'll teach us by reason, Death's portals to batter,
"When the mind grows omnipotent over dead matter;
Then the soul will *eternise* her mansion as easy,
As eggs are preserv'd by still keeping them greasy;
She'll *charcoal* our bodies, they'll feel no decay,
But scorn the *dry rot*, thro' Eternity's day.

* Let us here return to the sublime conjecture of Franklin, that
"mind will one day become omnipotent over matter."—If over all
other matter, why not over the matter of our own bodies?—In a
word, Why may not man be one day immortal? Goodwin's Political
Justice, v. 2. p. 862.

O Lord

O Lord how the flame of Vesuvio amazes,
 What a brilliant *coup d'œil*, when in fury it blazes ;
 It flings up the rocks and creates such a riot,
 That we wish from our souls, it may never be quiet,
 O see from yon Crater the hot lava bubble,
 And menace the city with ruin and trouble ;
 Man and horse, vines and corn, and houses and hogs,
 It sweeps to the sea, and gives all to the dogs.
 Hark the Crater's hoarse grumble, like under ground
 thunder !

* Let Buffon explain—there's an end of the wonder ;
 “ As a comet tremendous, thro' æther set sail,
 It brush'd the sun's disk by its fiery long tail ;
 And a slice of his phiz thro' expansion is hurl'd,
 Which attraction caught hold of, and made out this
 World !”

Hence, still as the earth was created by fire,
 “ She boasts a volcano in right of her fire !”

* The origin of the Earth, according to Buffon.

—I know some philosophers yet hold aloof,
 And allege this fine system is broach'd without proof;
 As a comet could never do this, as it flies,
 Its a *Will-o-Wisp* found in astronomers eyes,
 * As HERSCHELL will prove, who whate'er may betide us,
 † Has Britain enlarg'd, by his *Brunsvicum Sidus* !
 Then if graecless Republicans here play their tunes,
 Let RICHMOND and CHATHAM provide their balloons;
 The alarmists may mount, and their terrors will cease,
 They'll be nigher to Heaven to pray for a peace.
 —If BUFFON's grand system be mark'd with disgrace,
 Let me offer a rational one in its place;
 ‡ As millions of suns did from chaos arise,
 When Jove from a whim first illumin'd the skies;

* Herschel says (and there cannot be better authority) " if a Comet has any *Nucleus*, it must be very small; as there is no instance of a fixed star having been *occulted* by a Comet, although *transits* have been observed, where the star was nearly in a line with the centre of the Comet."

† *Brunsvicum*, has been adopted instead of *Georgium*, to reconcile the Hanoverian astronomers to the appellation.

‡ This new and eccentric Theory of Creation, was first started by the late Earl of Orford; and nobly elucidated by Dr. Darwent, (in his *Economy of Vegetation*,) the most sublime, and philosophical poet of this, or any other age.

O come,

O come, said the Gods, while their courses they run,
 Let new planets start from the guts of the sun;
 Jove graciously smil'd, as the Deities spoke,
 As he thought this creation would be a good joke;
 Then a fiery Volcano he mixed in some wine,
 The Sun drank it up and felt twitches divine;
 Thus Phoebus was grip'd for the Deities mirth,
 And to give himself ease, straight ejected the Earth:
 Then Mercury next, with sweet Venus so bland,
 Who visit our globe, and are seen hand in hand;
 But as sons from their grand-fires inherit the gout,
 So the Earth was diseas'd from her parent no doubt;
 And torn by the cholic, she beg'd as a boon,
 To retire for a moment;—so threw out the Moon.
 The Gods laugh'd aloud, and declared it fine fun,
 When the Earth blushing, turn'd her dark side to the Sun;
 And this is the reason astronomers say,
 That the same modest feat, she performs ev'ry day.
 If you think this new theory rather facetious,
 Consult splendid DARWENT, our British Lucretius;

Whose

Whose fancy sublime can the system maintain,
 First brew'd in the ferment of ORFORD's warm brain:
 Not the trifling * Otranto, who triflingly sings,
 Of HARRY's old slippers, and Queen BESS's rings:
 That coxcomb of letters, (once Fribble the beau),
 Who Chatterton starv'd, and insulted Rousseau!
 For Genius indignant ne'er touch'd his cold breast,
 And Rousseau's keen sensations to him were a jest.
 Who RICHARD's dark soul can with virtues pourtray,
 And the horror of incest invent for a play†;
 Who primly descants on points not worth a rush,
 On scribler's ennobled, and *Daubs* of the brush;
 Who to love, tunes the note, in his quaint gothic cage,
 As flies buzz and court, in their blindness and age:
 —No, 'twas Orford so fam'd for each sweet social art,
 Whose fancy tho' bright, was eclips'd by his heart.
 With this critical stricture my letter I end,
 Adieu, my dear JEPH';—and pray write to your friend.

* Some persons may perhaps censure the levity with which this literary character is held up to the public.—Let the treatment Rousseau and Chatterton received, be the author's apology.—The critical strictures he submits to the reader.

† The Mysterious Mother!

ROBERT

[27]

ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQUIRE.

Naples, May 5th, 1793.

HERCULANEUM to view, and Pompeia profound,
And the wonders long hid under classical ground,

Astonish the Muse——

The spits, and the pots, and the stew-holes I scan,
As to bake, or to boil, or to roast, was the plan;
And the jars once replenish'd, now empty of wine,
I behold with a sigh;—but why vainly repine?
As we're born but to die, to-day or to-morrow,
And our span is so short, we have no time for sorrow.
Yet I morally mus'd, and, shaking my head,
Cry'd, Alas! love and wine are no joys for the dead!
Then time being brief in this sceptical age,
Let us try by deep study to make ourselves sage;
—I doubt if the Romans us'd forks with three prongs,
Or had chocolate, nutmegs, or asparagus tongs:

I have

* I have question'd *Dutens*, and he scarcely presumes
 To say they made ketchup by squeezing mushrooms.
 They could stew a sow's pap, in such cooking were pat;
 But they ne'er dress'd a turtle, or chuck'd the green fat,
 Their garments were simple, as every one knows,
 No petticoats, perriwigs, breeches, or hose;
 Has Horace or Ovid their fair ladies clad
 In the tumify'd charm of cork rumps or a pad?
 By which pretty Miss, in an emblem so pat,
 Bids us view her plump waist, and tells what she'd be at.
 Has Lucan or Homer sung cannons or bombs,
 Or given us a stanza on fifes or on drums?
 They ne'er make their combatants gloriously shine,
 By firing of muskets, or springing a mine;
 Or at Troy's boasted siege, has the ignorant bard
 Said a word of a dice box, or shuffling a card?
 Yet pedants continue such heroes to puff,
 Who ne'er tasted coffee, or fouchong, or snuff!

* A very learned and ingenious Essay has been published by Mr.
Dutens, to prove that the antients were acquainted with the *modern*
 discoveries in arts and sciences.

Then

Then, my *Jephson*, no more chant their deeds to your
lyre,

With Dryden's rich flow, with his strength, and his fire*.

What manuscripts here are consign'd to the dust,
And doom'd in eternal oblivion to rust!

Then ye souls tun'd to harmony, listen with glee,

To a precious scrap sav'd of *wee-dle-dum-dee*;

All the notes here are seen, the bold notes of the song,

That Orpheus play'd up, when the trees danc'd along.

No quaver, no crotchet, no counterpoint arts,

Melodious the strain, for it reach'd to their hearts!

Then frolic'd the bushes, and wanton'd the shrubs,

And the thorns cry'd *encore*, to his *dub-a-dub-dubs*!

'Tis all a mere fable, say Sceptics;---Alas!

I'll prove to their cost, how such things came to pass;

Our Sages have shewn that a Plant has sensation †,

Which runs thro' the system of all Vegetation;

* *Roman Portraits*—An elegant Poetical Work of Mr. Jephson's,
now in the Press.

† Percival on Animal Sensation.—Manchester Memoirs.

And hence a fond lover in Poetry's dress,
 Compares his own state to a plant in distress;
 Thus he tenderly sings, how they languish and pine,
 'Till the Lady and Sun on their misery shine.

THE Plant that's confin'd in the dark,

Desponding and languid reclines;

But if thro' a chink peeps a spark,

Turns joyfully round where it shines.

Thus absent from Lucy I sigh,

And droop like the sensitive tree;

But receive by a twink of her eye,

For each twink is a sun-beam to me.

Since plants are endu'd with this wonderful boon,
 If you hit the true note, they may dance to a tune;
 The question is only, in spite of dull sneers,
 To discover how Orpheus first tickled their ears;
 Then again we may see his *sonatas* revive,
 And parsnips and cabbages dance all alive!

With

With roses the hollies in unison tread,
 And foot it till weary, and then go to bed!
 The woodbine and pink most connubially cling,
 While the loves of the plants Darwent sweetly may sing!

Here an ancient Composer gives both bass and air,
 Of such music as fav'd or corrupted the Fair;
 To the utter confusion of such tasteless looms,
 Who never read Plutarch on chromatic tunes;
 There he proves beyond doubt, that a Bard can inspire
 Either Virtue or Vice, as he chants to his lyre;
 * Even great Agamemnon, the valiant and wise,
 Left in his Clytemnestra soft tumults might rise,
 From the heart-felt remembrance she once did enjoy,
 In Hymen's soft tie, ere he pack'd off for Troy,
 Engag'd a bard chastely to tickle the strings,
 And save the best Queen, for the best of all Kings.

Odyssey, Book III.

© 4

O could

O could my translation his spirit retain,
Crim. Con. would be ended, for thus flow'd his strain:

O Clytemnestra! royal Dame,

Go, fast and pray, your passions tame,

And shun ungodly leers;

Ply the loom with your maids,

And if they're lazy jades,

Tweak their noses, and pinch the fluts ears.

To your nuptial vows stand,

And your fancy command,

Nor let Venus your dear bosom trouble;

To the young Coxcomb say,

Nay, prithee, Sir, Nay,

Don't tempt me again to lye double.

For your own Ag, be coy and nice,

Ah! steep your glowing lips in ice,

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And then be not afraid O!
 If wild Ægistus snatch a kiss,
 You'll chill, like chaste Diana's Mifs,
 And give him a torpedo!

While sweet Clytemnestra was charm'd by this song,
 In Virtue's sharp pathway she totter'd along,
 Till the soft maids of honour suggested a fear
 That Ægistus had got the wrong sow by the ear;
 Then a sly Lydian harper he brib'd by high pay
 To seduce the dear creature by this melting lay:—

You'll never see Ag,
 And when you're an old Hag,
 No throbs, no wild transports you'll raise;
 But now it's your duty
 To cherish your beauty,
 And wed in the bloom of your days.

You've

You've widow'd enough,
For old Captain Bluff;
Then, prithee, no longer be coy;
You've nail'd Cupid's dart
In Ægistus' soft heart,
And he is a sweet tempting boy.

Then if Ag' here should stray,
Send him packing away
To Briseis, his dear Trojan Trull;
If he grumble or scold,
Like a heroine bold,
Either stab him or shatter his skull.

By jealousy fir'd, and musical measures,
Clytemnestra's soft soul was seduc'd into pleasures;
She storm'd, and she swore, and in amorous ire,
Cashier'd Ag's bard, snap'd the strings of his lyre;
And turn'd him adrift, when a kick and a frown,
In an Island to starve, singing *hey derry down!*

But

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But as Infidel Critics may doubt what I say,
 The physical cause, let me briefly display;
 Why quick, or as slow the harmonious sounds roll,
 Responsive emotions arise in the soul;
 Play up a fandango, and where is free-will?
 We can't make our feet (if not gouty) stand still.
 The nerves sympathetic, in head, toes, and middle,
 In unison jump with the gut of the fiddle;
 Again, a grave Solo gives dull-pac'd vibrations,
 The pulse no more riots with frisky sensations;
 Thus our hearts leap with joy, or sink in a quail,
 By the jig of a ballad, or yawn of a psalm.
 So-Cobblers in stalls are proverbially glad,
 And Methodist rogues are desponding and sad.
 Sounds grave or acute are quick motions or slow,
Ha! ha! answers one, and the other *Heigh ho!*
 And technical words for these movements we've got,
 In *Presto* we gallop, *Andante* we trot.

O Music,

O Music, sweet Music, thy art still bewitches;
 In thy transports divine, we find comfort and riches;
 You make blind beggars dance, and the cripple to sing,
 And if he is drunk, he's as great as a King;
 All our troubles and anguish, the melody eases,
 Gives us health and good spirits, and cures all diseases:
 And this is the reason, why skilful Musicians
 Are at College dub'd Doctors, and rank with Physicians,
 Thus the flutes of Etruria, so soothing their strain,
 Heal'd the stripes of their Slaves, tho' convuls'd by the
 pain * ;

And the Soldiers of Prussia, tho' cast for a crime,
 Are scourg'd to light music, precisely in *time*!

* "The Tyrrhenians," says Aristotle, "never scourged their slaves, but by the sound of flutes, looking upon it as an instance of humanity to give some counterpoise to pain, and thinking by such a diversion to lessen the sum total of the punishment."

"It seems, by the lightness of the music, from a very different reason, that the Prussian soldiers are scourged to the sound of instruments at present."

Burney's History of Music, Vol. I. p. 185.

Thus

Thus Plutarch relates, how the Gods did inspire
 Thales the songster, to tickle his lyre ;
 And banish the plague by a sanative sound,
 While thousands at Sparta lay sick on the ground.
 For when the wing'd Miasms flit thro' the sky,
 We suck in the pestilence, languish and die ;
 But music engenders such rapid revulsions,
 That ev'ry dire Miasm drops in convulsions ;
 It med'cines the air, and poor mortals o'er-joys,
 And the seed of the plague by *twang-dillo* destroys :
 Thus we sons of Hibernia exultingly smile,
 And drink to St. Patrick, the pride of our isle ;
 Who slew serpents, and spiders, and toads, by a tune,
 As he danc'd thro' the bogs, playing—*Ellen a Roon* :
 Then his blessing he gave, banish'd sorrow and care,
 Hence her sons are all brave, and her daughters are fair.
 On antient musicians my song here I'll end,
 In my next to the Moderns, I'll smoothly descend.

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27

TO ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQUIRE.

Naples, June 4th, 1793.

O JEPHSON, reflect how we're wond'rously made;
 With millions of fibres the body's inlaid;
 These tremulous fibres in unison play,
 To melody's pulse, while they dance to the lay;
 Yet the sounds most enchanting of harmony's thrum,
 Are but vibrating air on the corporal drum.
 So the magical tints that emblazon the skies,
 Are but water and rays in philosophers' eyes;
 Thus the frolic of Nature, our sages to spite,
 Makes music from air, and the Rainbow from light;
 That primary source of each beautiful hue,
 From which TITIAN and REYNOLDS their brilliancy
 drew.

Then Fancy's delusion let's never controul,
 'Tis the sunshine of life, and the trance of the soul:

Thro'

Thro' each stage of sorrow, let love, and let wine,
Their aid to prolong the illusion combine.

Give me BURNÉY's sweet style, give his genius and
art,

That appeals to the judgment, yet touches the heart;
And I'll tell you, why music cures frenzy and spleen:—
This delicate body's a curious machine;
The nerves strung divinely, the whole surface border,
And while they play smoothly, the mind's in good order;
But if harshly they're touch'd by a dæmon's rough hand*,
The soul no more governs the pineal gland;
In her palace, the brain, no longer she's quiet,
Cerebrum, Cerebellum, like Democrats riot;
And refract each idea, till merry, or sad,
Alma loses her reason,—in short she runs mad:
Then Music steps in, with her aid most divine,
Composes the tumult by melodies fine;

* Baxter, (who was Tutor to the celebrated John Wilkes) in his very learned and ingenious Treatise on the Soul, ascribes Madness to the malignant influence of Dæmons.

Catches hold of the nerves most distracted and fullen,
Which this way, and that way, and all ways are pulling;
And a unison gives, by a twang most pathetic,
To each turbulent nerve, till it feels sympathetic.

'Twas thus FARINELLI' delighted all Spain,
When madness he cur'd by his magical strain;
At Del Campo's request, the support of the art,
The song I translate, (may it tickle his heart)
Which eas'd a sad King of his sorrow and care,
Made him dance a Fandango, and powder his hair.
Could I give the true pathos, all Britain would feel
The joy and allegiance of loyal Castile;
While the Dons in grave jumps, proudly kick'd away
spleen,

And pinch'd their guitars to enrapture the Queen.
The musical notes to the tune of *Gambado*,
Were compos'd by the Bishop, and Nuns of Toledo.

WHEN

WHEN Ferdinand, insanely grave
 Would neither wash his hands nor shave,
 Nor Olio taste nor jelly ;
 His royal consort, sunk in grief,
 When ev'ry saint deny'd relief,
 Thus pray'd to Farinelli !

Sweet Farinelli, swell your throat,
 And pour some soft bewitching note,
 My dear Italian Pug ;
 Each frantic passion Song commands ;
 Then squall, till FREDY scours his hands,
 And shaves, looks spruce and smug.

Hark ! Farinelli squeaks to please her ;
 O Don Diego, snatch a razor
 From yonder golden case :
 Diego runs, elate with hope,
 Lathers his chaps with Castile soap,
 And trims his sov'reign's face.

The

The King arose without a speck ;
 Bess flung her arms around his neck,
 And prais'd his ruff'd shirt ;
 Again in pomp and state he dines,
 In royal robes superbly shines,
 Perfum'd, and free from dirt.

“ The mighty Master smil'd to see,
 “ That love was in the next degree,”
 Then sung Eliza's charms ;
 The King admir'd each new-born grace,
 With rapture view'd her beauteous face ;
 And sunk into her arms.

Thus Farinelli's tuneful strain
 Lull'd the wild tempest of his brain,
 No more his senses riot ;
 So when the frantic ocean raves,
 A pint of oil will still the waves,
 And all is calm and quiet.

Of

Of David's heart let fiddlers sing,
That coax'd a devil from Israel's King

By *Tweedle-dum and dee* :

No string did Farrineli touch ;

He tun'd his pipe, and did as much

By *Tol-de-rol-de-re* !

O speed the soft note, and the dulcet air wing,
Till the beasts leap around, and the pretty birds sing^g ;
For their dear little ears are fastidiously nice ;
Thus a lute suits the organs of spiders and mice,
Who descend from their webs, and peep from their
holes,

As the notes sweetly breathe thro' their sensitive souls.
And Howel relates^r (tho' Monboddo may carp)
How Hibernia's fierce wolves were so tun'd to the harp,
That rather than hear a Scotch bagpiper play,
With horror they howl'd and ran starving away.
And good Mr. Tatlow will truly declare^s,
How an anthem enraptur'd a brisk Cheshire hare ;

While

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To

While near Mersey's smooth stream, at their ease
stretch'd along,

Five rapturous 'Choristers hymn'd David's song,
To a tune most divine, but he says not a word,
Whether it was the hundredth, or hundred and third;—
But I'll search his Cantatas, and pore till I'm blind,
And think myself happy this ditty to find :
(On this critical point, if a word I might drop,
I should think they scream'd out, " Why ye hills will
ye hop ?")

And poor pufs alarm'd by their quavers and bounds,
'Midst the choristers ran, as pursu'd by the hounds.

But now a most tragic adventure I sing,
That disturb'd the whole ABBEY in sight of the King.
Ah ! let us reflect, that our life's a mere riddle,
When Death shoots his darts from the bridge of a fiddle ;
For while the drums beat and the choristers bawl,
To HANDEL's bold notes in the Dead March of Saul,

H

Mr

Mr. Burton grew squeamish, then dropp'd in a swoon,
 (The first man on record who died of a tune,)
 He had just time to lay before he was dead,
 "Good people," I'm shot thro' the heart and the head;
 "Celestial vibrations; so rapture my brain,
 "That my fall is Angelic, chromatic my pain!"

As for me whole bold loyalty's still on the wing,
 To save my dear Country, the Church, and the King;
 I hope the ALARMISTS the band will assemble,
 And if the French land they'll soon make them tremble.
 When the trumpet sonorous, and fiddle strings sound
 The Dead march of Saul, how they'll gasp on the
 ground!

The knave Danton will fall, by what kill'd honest Burton,
 And Robespierre too,—cry out P—py—s, and T—n.

Let us call to our aid Handel's bold imitations,
 To arouse and to stir up our torpid sensations;

Hark!

Hark ! he rattles his hail—the windows to splinter,
 Now he chills us in summer, as if it was winter ;
 And Glaziers oft brib'd him to play the harsh strains,
 Then crack went the casement, and smash went the
 panes ;

Like * Moses in Egypt again let him rise,
 And call out his locusts, and buzz with his flies !
 This sacred Militia will aid us I hope,
 To convert those vile Atheists who've thrown off the
 Pope ;

Then Britons strike home, and no longer deplore,
 We've Fiddles enough,—tho' no Musquets in store.

Proceed, gentle Muse, and with wisdom relate,
 Why a tune's justly reckon'd a matter of State ;
 From Sparta * Timotheus was forc'd to retire,
 For playing loose airs on her maidenly lyre ;
 Lest this innovation should raise up a storm,
 And the Senate destroy, like a Bill of Reform.
 Did'nt Socrates' treason all Athens surprise,
 When Critias found out by his Reeves, and his Spies,

* Burney.

That the sage had a dangerous project in hand,
 By a musical plot to convulse the whole land;
 For scorning the advice of Xantippe his wife,
 He practis'd the lute, in his last stage of life*;
 When he heard that some youths had attack'd a chaste
 Dame,

And by measures spondaic were chill'd into shame;
 Their nerves were relax'd, and by symphonies fit,
 They fled from a lady, like Joseph or P—tt.
 Then Critias determin'd the traitor to kill,
 For he dreaded his art, and such dangerous skill.
 ---Is'nt Muir† justly exil'd to Botany Bay,
 For expressing his joy at a riotous lay?
 But Mercy with Justice is so much at strife,
 That he's banish'd for years, and not for his life.
 —In Scotia 'twas treason in the First George's reign,
 For a bagpipe to squeak, "let the King have his *ain*."
 And a *lassie* was hang'd because *Granam* had taught her,
Fou brawly to lilt "Charley over the Water."

* Quinct. Lib. I. Cap. III.

† Ca Ira.—Vide Muir's Trial.

Two Rebellions were rais'd by these *lilts* we must own,
That menac'd with ruin the Prince on his throne ;
Nor could England e'er rise to such grandeur and riches,
Till she caught the Scotch Pipers, and chain'd them
in breeches !

And oft to brave Taffy King Ned turn'd his tail,
Nor, o'er Wales could his iron-clad ruffians prevail ;
Or eat up her leeks, and devour her rank goats,
Till the blood of her bards from each precipice floats,
Loose floated their beards ;—and their wild streaming
hair,

Blaz'd forth like a meteor, and troubled the air :
See on Conway's bold rocks, how they harp and they
dance,

“ Give me hartshorn,” cries Gloster, “ I'm lost in a
trance.”

The King and his Chieftains perspir'd with dismay,
If you wish to know more, I refer you to GRAY.

Why from Scotland, or Wales, any proofs should I
bring ?

At St. James's and Wapping, we see the same thing ;
Go,

Go, hire a blind Fiddler, and dance thro' the town,
 To the tune CA LRA, and you'll both be knock'd down;
 Or like the Jew GORDON, you'll perish in gaol,
 If K——n object to your Jacobin bail;
 Could Fox and his phalanx, our Music command,
 They would tune a banditti to plunder the land;
 By the Marfeillois March, they would thicken their
 ranks,
 And pilfer our houses, and empty our banks!
 Then still let our streets, and our theatres ring,
 " The Roast Beef of Old England and God Save the
 King."
 Inspir'd by these ditties; let's boldly advance,
 To hang the Convention, and *Monarchise* France;
 Another campaign! how these rascals we'll firk,
 Take Strasbourg and Landau! Toulon and Dunkirk!
 While Austria and Prussia the *Sans Culottes* slaughter,
 Let Kate give the *knout* to each wife and each daughter.
 Then Genoa storm, and the Polanders rob,
 While she chants a *Te Deum*, we'll pay for the job.

TO ROBERT JEPHSON, ESQUIRE.

London, March 5th, 1794.

THO' in Politics fever'd, you'll always admit,
 That I tasted your humour, and relish'd your wit;
 When Townshend's gay strain made the whole circle
 shine,
 While a Viceroy, for once, gave us wit with his Wine.
 And friendship's dear tie still exulting I own,
 That binds me to Windham, to You, and Malone :
 Malone, far remov'd from all party-dissention,
 Would hang, draw, and quarter, the Gallic Convention;
 On this point alone, (and I fear you would aid him)
 Not e'en his lov'd Bard* can to *mercy* persuade him :
 From our side, with a sigh I saw Windham depart,
 His opinion may err, but how noble's his heart!

* Shakspeare.—See the Merchant of Venice, Act IV.

Tho'

Tho' such virtues I love, and such talents I prize,
 Yet your crusade of Kings from my soul I despise ;
 Look at Poland, and plunder (their Royal reform)
 And hail Freedom with me, tho' she rise in a storm !
 Then Jephson farewell, with best wishes adieu,
 Who loves Genius and Merit, will always love You.—

To share Anstey's laurels I proudly aspire,
 Tho' vain my attempt to attune his sweet lyre ;
 Yet on Fox's deep brow, if I light up a smile,
 And if Sheridan deign to attend to my style ;
 If talents and taste can be pleas'd with my lay,
 While I sing to Fitzpatrick, to Townshend, and Grey ;
 If a plaudit from Erskine and Adam I draw,
 Who still think that honour's a part of the law ;
 If Barré's quick fancy still pregnant and bright,
 Will sometimes approve of a whimsical flight ;
 And why should I Wilkes (now he's loyal) omit,
 I hate General Warrants, and love Wine and Wit,
 If the Norths and the Maitlands my vanity raise,
 By crowning my numbers with generous praise ;

If

If Wickham, and Whitebread, and Lambton I gain,
 While they strike at corruption, to lift to my strain;
 I'll laugh o'er my wine, fleeting sorrow's best cure,
 And like Marvel live gaily, and proud to be poor;
 The Cavils of Critics, disdainfully bear,
 If I 'scape the just censures of keen-judging Hare.

Can I envy an A—k—d's or Loug——gh's place,
 Tho' like Peachum and Lockit again they embrace?
 Can pensions and titles give honour, or fame?
 Like the Pill'ry, a patent exposes the name,
 Have the poisons of Quacks salutiferous charms,
 Tho' the Chancellor grants them his Majesty's Arms?
 Will Birmingham gold pass for Mexico's mine,
 Tho' the image of Kings on the base metal shine?
 Then I'll sneer at John Bull, in his panics and fits,
 While he's trick'd by the G-v-ls, and dup'd by the P—ts,
 To Freedom adhere, (tho' alas! she is flown)
 Nor desert Fox and Britain to cringe to the Throne.

CON-

CONGRATULATORY

ODE,

ADDRESSED

TO TWO YOUNG LADIES,

ON THEIR RETURN FROM ITALY.

Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono ;

Quid verum, atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

Hor.

TRANSPORTED, now, I wake the lyre,

My blooming Girls the lay inspire,

And rapture swells my breast ;

Joy sparkles in Sophia's eyes,

To her lov'd fire, his Emma flies,

And sooths his cares to rest.

O welcome

O, welcome from Italia's shore!
 And are we met to part no more!
 How could I ever part?
 Lock'd in this fond and wish'd embrace,
 While the glad tear bedews my face,
 I press you to my heart.

How oft your footsteps I pursue,
 Dwell on each beauteous scene with you,
 By fancy borne along;
 And oft for you, I sigh in vain,
 For you, I turn my careless strain
 To smooth descriptive song.

How sweet to breathe Hesperia's gales,
 From myrtles fann'd, and rose-clad vales,
 And every blossom'd spray;
 To view her vivid azure skies,
 And see her moon refulgent rise,
 Bright as our orb of Day!

By

By musing o'er yon classic plains,
 The eye, another optic * gains,
 From Taste's prime sources won ;
 Thus from primeval splendour, bright,
 Bologna's spar imbibes its light,
 And radiance from the Sun.

There Titian's tints enchant the eye,
 Form'd of those rays that paint the sky,
 Which Time can ne'er efface ;
 And Raffael's Art transcends his fame,
 Whose fancy bids an Angel's frame
 Beam with congenial grace.

Again Parnassus† rears its head,
 Its ancient lustre round it spread,
 Displays bold Raffael's fire ;
 With sounds divine the valley rings,
 Each Muse responsive sweetly sings,
 While Phoebus sweeps the lyre.

* The correct and elegant taste acquired by studying the Fine Arts, the Greeks forcibly and beautifully distinguished, by calling it *alter oculus*—another eye.

† Raffael's celebrated picture of Mount Parnassus.

The summit, Homer, Maro gain,
 With ravish'd ears imbibe the strain,
 And catch the inspiring lay;
 But Tasso, and his tuneful throng,
 Beneath, scarce hear the distant song,
 That melts in air away.

What glorious vision charms the sight!
 Corregio * pours celestial light,
 Attendant Angels shine;
 Inspir'd, he paints a Saviour's mien,
 Ecstatic Faith glows o'er the scene,
 And burns with love divine.

But who with Angelo can vie,
 He rears his wondrous dome † on high,
 Pois'd in the etherial clime;
 His daring pencil boasts the art,
 To awe the eye, to rule the heart,
 And paint the true Sublime.

* Madonna della Scodella.—The Holy Family on their Flight to Egypt.

† Dome of St. Peter's.

What magic charm o'er prostrate Rome,
Of Science, Empire, Arts the tomb,
A classic lustre throws ;
Endears the spot where Tully spoke,
Where Brutus dealt the patriot stroke,
From whence his glory rose !

Hark ! sportive Horace tunes his lyre,
Where cold Soracte's cliffs aspire,
And sings of love and wine ;
Where Tiber rolls his rapid stream,
Maro revolves his lofty theme,
And forms the polish'd line.

There, Sculpture boasts creative skill,
The living bust obeys her will,
Gives beauty's winning grace ;
The drap'ry floats in every gale,
Pellucid as the pendent veil,
That plays o'er Emma's face.

See,

See, Venus tries love's surest wife,
 " Softly to speak, and sweetly smile,"
 And drops her magic zone;
 The modest air, and charms divine,
 She breathes into her sacred shrine,
 And animates the stone.

Tho' splendid ruin round you lies,
 The proud Pantheon time defies,
 Nor yields to Nature's law;
 Rome's mighty Genius rear'd the dome,
 To give man's conquer'd Gods a home,
 And strike the world with awe.

Alas! no energy remains,
 Where Superstition spreads her chains,
 To aid despotic power;
 The Monk recites his doleful dreams,
 In Jove's high fane, as the Owl screams,
 And haunts the time-shook tower.

But

But Freedom's glorious reign is o'er,
 She guards the village-cot no more,
 Where hard-tax'd slaves repine ;
 For Kings and Priests the harvest grows,
 The orange blooms, the olive flows,
 And bursts the purple vine.

But lo ! outstretch'd her vengeful hand,
 On Gallia's shore ; in every land
 She'll crush despotic sway ;
 In the mad whirlwind tho' she rise,
 The dark tornado shakes the skies,
 Then pours the blaze of day.

'Thro' towns entomb'd you pensive tread,
 And mourn their antient splendour fled,
 Their antient ruins trace ;
 Earthquake, and Heaven's destructive flame,
 Left nothing but an empty name,
 To mark the hapless race.

I

How

How boils Vesuvio's fiery stream !
 There thunder breaks, there lightnings gleam,
 Thence burning rocks are hurl'd ;
 Then see the fun volcanoes form,
 Creating in projectile storm
 This planetary world !^x

The snow-crown'd Alps with dread you scale,
 (While the dark clouds beneath you fail)
 Thro' changeful regions climb ;
 Feel summer's glow, and winter's chill,
 Quick as the turns of good and ill,
 That mark our checquer'd time.

On genial wing the zephyrs bear
 Hesperia's fascinating air,
 That lures to pleasure's toil ;
 All ranks imbibe the fervid spell,
 And in perturb'd emotions tell
 The ferment of the soil.

Their

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Their words in rapid cadence start,
 And melody enchants the heart,
 Breathing each soft desire ;
 Yet quick vibrations heat the brain,
 And love, vindictive passions stain,
 As sulphur tinges fire.

Not so the Swifs of sober state,
 Of slow-pac'd tongue, dull cumbrous gait,—
 The sluggish blood scarce flows ;
 No foreign taste his sense refines,
 Where'er he roves, he fondly pines
 For his paternal fnows.

He sees exulting Freedom smile,
 Where stands the peasant's deathful pile*,
 Her throne she proudly rears ;
 With vines and corn her mountains bloom,
 While the rich plain of servile Rome
 A dreary waste appears.

* At Murat, Charles Duke of Burgundy was defeated by the Swifs, and fell in the action. There is a chapel on the field of battle full of the bones of such of the Burgundian army as were slain on the spot. The *modern* inscription (by the celebrated Haller) ends with these energetic words,—*Cæsus, hoc monumentum sui reliquit.*

Thus, while my lovely Girls explore
 The wonders of Italia's shore,
 I tune the pensive lay ;
 Taste's brilliant realm adventurous fmg,
 And borne aloft on Fancy's wing,
 In dear delusion stray.

Sophia, come, to social ease,
 To calm domestic joys which please
 The breast that Virtue charms ;
 Youth's flattering scene delighted view,—
 The Man to love, to honour true,
 Enfolds you in his arms.

Retrace, with me, each pompous fane,
 That decorates Hesperia's plain,—
 Her monuments sublime ;
 Recall each splendid artist's name,
 Their polish'd works, the boast of fame,
 Snatch'd from the wreck of Time.

My Emma, come, in lively strain,
 Still charm by wit's allusive vein—
 So pass this world of strife ;
 A Sire, your playful fancy cheers,
 Illumes the dreary vale of years,
 And gilds the gloom of life.

The mind by Nature's hand array'd
 Contemns the meretricious aid
 That sentiment supplies ;
 'Tis but a *rouge*, by fashion's art,
 To lay false colours on the heart,
 And cheat a lover's eyes.

Then come, with youth's soft blushing grace,
 That magic of the female face ;
 Without it, beauty's vain ;
 The forward glance, exotic stare,
 Decisive tone, and mannish air,
 Excite but cold disdain.

O come,

O come, in kindred joy combine,
 Your smiling sisters round you twine,
 You glad a mother's breast;
 Her darling girls she fondly bred,
 Nurs'd on her knee, her bosom fed,
 And lull'd their cries to rest.

She feels each anxious care o'erpaid,
 Sees the fond wife, the tender maid,
 Affection's balm impart;
 With all a mother's pride she glows,
 As they by filial love disclose
 A sympathetic heart.

Again the festive Board will shine;
 Come, raise the note to airs divine,
 Let rapture wake the strings;
 Again I hear Sophia's voice,
 And o'er the blue-ey'd maid rejoice,
 While my sweet Emma sings.

THE END.

NOTES.

* THE King of Prussia issued Promissory Notes to the Peasants, for the sheep which his Majesty bought, "payable on the restoration of Louis XVI. to the plenitude of his power and prerogative."

The following EPIGRAM was handed about at that time in Paris:

EPIGRAMME.

Sur la promesse du Roi de Prusse de payer le prix de 117 moutons, lorsqu'il feroit à l'établer Louis XVI. sur son trône.

Cessez de vous plaindre O Payfans loyaux,
Que Frederic pille, ou mange vos troupeaux;
Pour le meme jour, le grand Roi a promis,
Le trone a Bourbon, et l'Argent des brebis.

A Translation into Latin soon after appeared in one of the German Gazettes.

De Ovibus raptis,
Pastores lacrymas cessabunt fundere tristes
Brunsvicki gregibus raptatis ense tremendo;
Felicem eventum, tandem læta afferet hora
Aurum pro gregibus, Sceptrum pro Rege fugaci.

A Tran-

A Translation of the same EPIGRAM also appeared in the Morning Chronicle.

No more let Gallie's plunder'd peasants weep,
Tho' Brunswic steal, and Frederic eat their sheep;
A double blessing, one glad day shall bring.
Cash for their sheep, a Sceptre for their King.

An invidious EPIGRAM was also addressed to the King soon after.

A l'exemple de Saul, va cherchez chez les morts,
De quoi réparer ta disgrâce;
Evoques Frederic le Grand, peut etre le sort
Par pitié te prendra a sa place.

Translation in the MORNING CHRONICLE.

As Saul from the tomb, evok'd a dead friend,
Call up great Frederic's ghost, for you're at your wit's end,
And Heaven perhaps, to prevent more disgrace,
Will permit him to stay, and take you in his place.

^b A pompous account of this curious and (once admired) piece of Machinery, is given in the *Voyage Pittoresque de Paris*.

^c One of the reasons assigned by Louis XIV. for attacking Holland, in his Manifesto, addressed to all the Powers of Europe

rope was, that the Dutch had invidiously struck a Medal, derogatory of his glory; on this, and some other weighty reasons, he sent Marshal Luxemburgh to lay waste the country by fire and sword.—Voltaire says, that when he visited Holland, forty years after, they still talked with horror and execration of the barbarities committed by the French Army, during their retreat.—*Siecle de Louis XIV. T. 1. p. 164.*

* This monument of national triumph is still to be seen at Blenheim, and perfectly corresponds with the taste displayed in this Quarry of Architecture. The statue of Louis XIV., taken from the gates of Lisle, was exultingly fixed near the Cock and the Lion, (and still remains there) no doubt to mortify his vanity.

* This proposition was made in the National Assembly, on the 22d of August, 1792, and Chabot and Merlin offered their services.—The speeches, (with a little poetical license) are correctly given.

† The Consuls Caius Fabricius, and Q. Æmilius, rejected with horror the proposal of Pyrrhus's Physician, to poison his master, and even gave notice to that Prince, that he might beware of the traitor, haughtily adding, "It is not to make our court to you that we give this information, but that we may not draw on ourselves any infamy." And they excellently say in the same letter, "that it is for the common interest of all Nations, not to set such examples."—*Sed communis exempli et fidei ergo visum est, uti te saluum velimus; ut esset, quem*

quem armis vincere possimus. Aul. Gell. Noct. Attic. Lib. III. Cap. viii.

* La liberté triomphera,

Et repandra au loin ses charmes,

Des que d'une voix on crierà,

Aux Armes, Republicains, aux Armes ! &c. &c.

* At the coronation of the late unfortunate Louis XVI. the Clergy struck out of the Ceremonial the words—"Elected by the People," and expressly say—"The King, whom we, (i. e. Clergy) have chosen to reign over France."—Je ne fais si V. M. a reçu l'ouvrage imprimé qui a pour titre, *Formules & Ceremonies pour le sacre de S. M. Louis XVI.* Je voudrais, Sire, que vos occupations, et les vérités trop importantes vous permissent de jeter les yeux sur ce livre, qui a indigné tous les bons et fideles sujets de notre jeune et vertueux monarque; Vous y verriez a la page 60, que les pretres recommandent a Dieu le nouveau Roi que NOUS ELISONS, disent ils, pour Souverain de ce Royaume.—Comment souffre-t-on cette insulte impudente au Monarque, et a la Nation?

Oeuvres posthumes de Frederic II. Roi de Prusse,

Lettre de M. D'Alembert au Roi. Vol.

p. 283, le 3 Octobre, 1775.

* At the same time, (with a true ecclesiastical spirit) they addressed their young and benevolent Monarch to enforce the Penal Laws against the Protestants! Quant aux pretres, qui sont actuellement assemblés, comme ils le font par malheur
tous

tous les cinq ans, & qui dans cette Assemblée, se devorent, & se déchirent entr'eux, ils partent de là pour aller à Versailles, conjurer le Roi de renouveler les édits atroces & absurdes qui ordonnent la persécution des protestans.—*Ut supra.*

¹ Swift's Sermon on Mutual Subjection, breathes the true and generous Spirit of uncorrupted Christianity.—In these days, the Author (if it had been preached in Scotland) would have been banished to Botany Bay. Dr. Parr's principles are well known, and I am surpris'd how he has escaped prosecution, for he treats the pious and glorious Confederacy of Kings as disrespectfully as Dr. Swift could possibly do.

^m The Madonna della Scodella, Correggio's most celebrated picture.—The Holy Family are represented in their flight to Egypt, resting under some palm-trees. Joseph is employed in twisting the branches together to form a shade for the mother and child.—A group of Angels are painted in a circle of glory, with looks full of admiration and respect.—The child appears to be four or five years old, and one of the Angels is represented holding the Afs.

ⁿ Rafaele's famous celebrated picture of Mount Parnassus. Homer, Pindar, &c. are placed near the summit, listening to the Muses and Apollo. Tasso, &c. are seated at the bottom of the Mount—Apollo plays the fiddle, instead of the lyre. This breach of *Costume* was designed as a compliment to one of the Pope's favourite Musicians, who is painted as Apollo.

• Of diseases, the most endemical (at Carthagena) are intermitting and putrid fevers.—In the year 1785, during the three autumnal months, they lost two thousand five hundred persons; and the succeeding year, two thousand three hundred more, yet the Almajar, (a pestilential marsh) remains undrained.

When the report of this calamity had reached the Court, an order was dispatched to the physician, that no other medicine should be administered to the sick, than the famous one prescribed by Don Joseph Mardeval, and called his Opiate.

The physicians of Carthagena were willing to allow this medicine all the credit which was due to it, and to prescribe no other, when they thought this could be used with safety; but to preclude in all cases from the use of other remedies, they thought would be unreasonable. They therefore sent their remonstrances to Court; but in answer there came an *express order from the King*, that they should be subject to the Intendant of the Dock-yard, and prescribe according to his direction. On the receipt of this mandate from the Court, the Intendant immediately assembled the Physicians, and made known the royal pleasure, informing them, that in case of disobedience, the prisons were prepared, and the guards in waiting to execute his orders. They expostulated, but to little purpose; and being told that nothing short of absolute submission would be accepted, they consented to prescribe the Opiate in all cases, and to evince their sincerity, they signed a Certificate that no other Medicine was so efficacious as this recommended by the King.

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This perhaps is the first instance of despotic power controuling the functions of Physicians, and prescribing uniformity to this class of citizens in the line of their profession."

Townsend's Journey in Spain, Vol. III. p. 141.

As Tuscany's Duke, &c. The present Duke of Tuscany (I am told) has yielded to the remonstrances of his subjects, and now graciously allows every family to bury their dead in their own way.

» " The King of Spain being seized with a total dejection of spirits, which made him refuse to be shaved, and rendered him incapable of attending Council or transacting affairs of State, the Queen, who had in vain tried every common expedient that was likely to contribute to his recovery, determined that an experiment should be made of the effects of music on the King her husband, who was extremely sensible of its charms. Upon the arrival of Farinelli, of whose extraordinary performances an account had been transmitted to Madrid from several parts of Europe, but particularly from Paris; her Majesty contrived, that there should be a Concert in a room adjoining to the King's apartment, in which this singer performed one of his most captivating songs. The King appeared at first surprised, then moved, and at the end of the second air, made the Virtuoso enter his apartment, loading him with compliments and caresses; asking him how he could reward such talents, assuring him that he could refuse him nothing. Farinelli previously instructed, only begged that his Majesty would permit his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavour

deavour to appear in Council as usual. From this time, the King's disease gave way to medicine, and the finger had all the honour of the cure."

Burney's History of Music, Vol. IV. p. 412.

" Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music, tells us, that a Captain of the Regiment of Navarre, being confined in prison, requested the Governor to give him leave to send for his lute, to beguile the sad hours of his captivity, which favour was granted him. After singing and playing some time, he was greatly astonished to see the *mice* come out of their holes, and the spiders dance from their webs, and form a circle round him: he stood motionless, and laying down his lute, these animals and insects retired to their lodgings."

Sketches of the Origin and Effects of Music, by the Rev. Mr. Eastcott, p. 87.

" Sir Thomas Fairfax told me a pleasant tale of a Soldier in Ireland, who having got his passport to go for England, as he passed through the wood with his knapsack on his back, being weary, he set down under a tree, where he opened his knapsack upon his back, and fell to some victuals he had; but on a sudden, he was surprised with two or three wolves, making a near approach to him; he knew not what shift to make, but by taking a pair of Scotch bagpipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them, the wolves ran all away, as if they had been scared out of their wits, whereupon the soldier said, *a pox take you all, if I had known you loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner.*"

Howel's Familiar Letters, p. 169.

" The

• “ The following Anecdote was communicated some years since, by Mr. James Tatlow, of Wiegate, near Manchester, who had it from those who were witnesses of the fact :—One Sunday evening, five Choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire; after some time, they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. The field in which they sat, was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. As soon as the harmonious sound was over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood; when she had reached nearly the end of the field, they began the same piece again, at which the hare stopped, turned about, and came swiftly back again, to about the same distance as before, where she seemed to listen with rapture and delight, till they had finished the Anthem, when she returned again by a slow pace up the field, and entered the wood.—The harmony of the Choristers, no doubt, drew the hare from her seat in the wood.”

Eastcott's Sketches on Music, p. 84.

• “ The following melancholy fact, being witnessed by a vast multitude of people, can want no farther confirmation to establish it. At the first grand performance in Commemoration of Handel, at Westminster Abbey, Mr. *Burton*, a celebrated Chorus singer, well known in the Musical World, was immediately

immediately upon the commencement of the Oratorio of Esther, so violently agitated, that after lying for some time in a fainting fit, he expired. However, at intervals he was able to speak, and but a few minutes before he drew his last breath declared, that it was the wonderful effects of the Music which had operated so powerfully on him.

Eastcott's Sketches on Music, page 62.

"HANDEL, in his Oratorio of Israel in Egypt, has imitated by notes, the buzzing of flies, the flight of locusts, and the leaping of frogs; and has rattled down a hail-storm so wonderfully, that to the imagination of the greater part of those who attended the Abbey meetings, it absolutely realised dreary Winter, whilst every thing in nature was invigorated by the warm rays of the genial Sun.

Eastcott's Sketches on Music, page 101.

"It seems evident therefore from whence, and by what means, the Planets, which have all of them a rotative motion on the Sun's, were formed, and by what impulsive power these have acquired their projectile force which whirls them round their orbits with such unabating velocity, shot out by Volcanoes from the Sun to different distances, according to the ratio of their different diameters, and perhaps at different times. The Moon, our attendant, driven out probably from the Southern Pole of the Earth, by internal fires,

Conjectures on the System of the Universe, by the

Earl of Orford, Annals of Astron.

No. 61, 1788.



